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PUBLISHERS' CARD.

Mr. Thackeray's new Story, "The Virginians," with many humorous illustrations by the author, is commenced in the December number of *Harper's Magazine*. It is printed from early sheets, received from the author in advance of publication in England; for which the Publishers pay Mr. Thackeray the sum of $2000.

☞ With the full knowledge of this arrangement, the proprietors of the *New York Tribune*, who have been leading advocates of an international Copyright Law, and profess the warmest regard for the interests of British authors in this country, have begun to copy this Story into their paper, *though without the author's admirable illustrations*. The same parties, under the same circumstances, reprinted upon us Mr. Dickens's "Little Dorrit," for which we paid the author Two Thousand Dollars.

No American publisher can afford to give two thousand dollars for early sheets of a foreign work which is instantly reprinted upon him by a rival in business.

The course of the *Tribune* is, therefore, decidedly calculated to deprive the British author of the only compensation he can get, in the present state of the law.

OUR MAYORS.

We give below portraits of Fernando Wood, the present Mayor of New York, and Daniel F. Tiemann, the Mayor-elect. The recent contest for the mayoralty, which has attracted so much attention in all parts of the country, will naturally make people desirous of seeing what sort of looking people the rival candidates for the chief magistracy of New York were.

Fernando Wood is a Philadelphian by birth. His ancestry, on his father's side, were Quakers; Henry Wood, the American *atavus* of the family, was driven out of New England by the pleasant persecutions of the Puritans, and forced to seek a new home on the banks of the Delaware. Benjamin Wood, the father of our Mayor, was a dry-goods merchant in Philadelphia and here, but he was neither successful in business nor blessed with good health. He died young, leaving his family unprovided for. Young Fernando Wood, who was born in 1812, threw himself upon the world and his own resources at the age of thirteen, deeming himself a man when he had succeeded in obtaining a salary of three dollars a week. He fought his way steadily, as a merchant, as a clerk, as a cigar-maker, as a ship-owner, as what not, till one day he was elected, during the famous hard-cider campaign, to a seat in Congress. There he made the acquaintance, and won the esteem of such men as John Quincy Adams and Henry Clay, both of whom foretold for the youth an unusually brilliant career. One anecdote of Mr. Wood's intercourse with Henry Clay may be worth preserving.

Walking together down Pennsylvania Avenue one day, they entered a cigar-store together. In an inner room they noticed, while they were making their purchases, three or four men busily engaged in the manufacture of cigars. Mr. Clay's attention was attracted, and he drew his companion into the room, desiring him to remark the skill and sleight-of-hand with which these mechanics performed their work. Mr. Wood, rather to the surprise of the great Kentuckian, replied that he saw nothing wonderful in what they did—that the business was easy enough. The cigar-makers and their employer looked up indignantly; Mr. Clay—imputing his companion's remark to ignorance—challenged him instantly to perform the work he derided, adding that he would better appreciate the difficulty when he had tried the business and failed.

"Oh!" said Wood, "I could certainly make cigars, I think."

"Let us see you at it, then," replied Mr. Clay, impatiently.

The workmen and their employer, eager to have their laugh at a member of Congress, were equally pressing; and after some feigned reluctance, Mr. Wood drew off his gloves and sat down at the table. With practiced hand he seized a leaf, cut it into the right shape, and proceeded to roll; in less time than the most expert workman would have required to perform the feat, he had made an excel-

Hon. Fernando Wood, Mayor of New York.—[Photographed by Brady.]

Hon. Daniel F. Tiemann, Mayor-Elect.—[Photographed by Brady.]

lent cigar, which he gracefully presented to Mr. Clay.

The laugh was now against the great Senator, who acknowledged that young Wood was a smart fellow—little dreaming that he had for several years made a living by cigar making.

In Congress Mr. Wood's career was respectable. Several of his speeches attracted attention, and his practical ability called forth general remark. At the close of his Congressional term he returned to this city, and embarked in business with the usual varying results. In November, 1854, he was nominated Democratic candidate for the mayoralty, and, after a sharp contest, was elected over three rival candidates representing the Whig, Know Nothing, and Reform interests. He was again reelected at the close of his term, after a contest of still greater severity.

It is but justice to say, whatever flaws may be found in Mayor Wood's official conduct, that he took the reins of government in this city at a time when municipal authority was a by-word and a reproach, and that he succeeded in infusing into several departments of the city government unusual vigor and efficiency. During the first year of the mayoralty all parties were agreed on his efficiency as Mayor.

Latterly his popularity has declined, and at the late election all the various factions in opposition combined with a segment of the Democracy to run a candidate on a no-party platform. It must be added that this was in strict conformity with the purpose of the Legislature in appointing the 1st December as the day for the city elections; and this decision of the Legislature was in accordance with the convictions of the best men of all parties, and with the recommendations of Mayor Wood himself.

The results of the election are known to every one. Mayor Wood was defeated by a small majority, the entire vote being nearly 85,000, several thousand more than New York ever polled before. The contest was unusually warm and acrimonious; and while the Wood party impute their defeat to various accidental causes, the friends of Mr. Tiemann have been heard to declare that their majority would have been much greater but for the bad effects produced by the brutal personalities of one of their organs, the New York *Tribune*.

Mr. Tiemann, the mayor-elect, is a New Yorker of good standing. His character is pure as the day; not a word of reproach has been uttered against him by his most vehement assailants. His life has been unobtrusive and quiet. He has filled the stations of Alderman and Governor of the Alms-house, and won the esteem of all who have been connected with him officially. But he is best known to the public as a successful manufacturer, an enterprising merchant, and an honest citizen. Though a Democrat, he is elected on no-party grounds, and he will illustrate for the first time the no-party plan in the administration of the city government. Those who know him best predict for him a successful and an honorable career in the chief magistracy of the city.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1857.

LAST YEAR'S TRADE.

THE returns of the country's trade for the fiscal year 1856–'57 have obtained a partial publicity. We learn from them that we sold to foreign nations produce (that is to say, breadstuffs, cotton, tobacco, rice, and other products of the field, the sea, and the forest) amounting in value to $278,906,713 in the course of the twelve months ending 30th June, 1857; during which same period we took from foreign nations manufactured goods of various kinds equal in value to $348,428,342. Our account current with the world—had we had nothing else to send out—would therefore have stood thus on 30th June:

Imports	$348,428,342
Exports	278,906,713
Balance against United States	$69,521,629

Fortunately for us, we had another staple article of produce not included in the common returns; namely, California gold. Of this we shipped to foreign countries the enormous amount of $69,136,922. The balance against us is, therefore, thus disposed of:

Apparent balance against United States, as above		$69,521,629
Add specie received from abroad		12,461,799
		$81,983,428
Less specie remitted	$69,136,922	
And foreign goods re-exported	14,905,509	
		84,042,431
Leaving a balance in favor of the United States of		$2,059,003

This statement is one of the most satisfactory that could have been made. It shows that, though we have a magnificent grain and cotton crop at home to dispose of, we are not in debt to the foreign world. It shows also that if our people would reduce their expenditures within a reasonable limit, and consume no more foreign luxuries than they really need, we should soon be large creditors of the world.

Our largest customer is England, which alone takes nearly two-thirds of our produce export, and five-sevenths of our specie export. Our other large customers compare as follows:

England takes produce equal to	$164,416,549
France	31,820,812
Spain and Colonies	21,213,846
Zollverein and Free Cities	13,592,869
Brazil	5,268,166
Holland	4,819,234
Russia	4,474,842

The comparison reflects accurately the material interest we, as a nation, have in the prosperity of the various countries enumerated.

Turning to the other side of the account, we find England again the largest of our purveyors. Three-sevenths of our total imports are from England. Other countries compare as follows:

England sells us goods worth	$151,692,667
Spain	56,846,863
France	45,737,804
Zollverein and Free Cities	21,568,590
Brazil	21,460,733
Switzerland	6,822,634

The Spanish goods are mostly sugar, and tropical produce from Cuba and the other Spanish islands; the imports from Brazil are coffee, dye-woods, hides, etc. A comparison between our exports to, and imports from, these two countries is full of instruction:

Spain sells us		$56,846,863
Brazil do.		21,460,733
Total		$78,307,596
Spain buys from us	$21,213,846	
Brazil do.	5,268,166	
Total		26,482,012
Balance against us		$51,825,584

In other words, our trade with these two countries brings us in their debt annually over fifty millions of dollars, which we pay through England. If they were peopled by a prosperous, energetic people, they would take as much goods and breadstuffs of us as would balance our account; as it is, England sells them nearly all the manufactured goods they want, and we pay our balance in specie to England. If Cuba were so governed and renovated as to consume an equivalent, in our produce, for what we take from her—as she would do if she were, for instance, in Anglo-Saxon hands—we should find ourselves England's creditor at the end of the year, not twelve, but thirty-five to forty millions of dollars.

MORE NATIONAL DEBT.

ONCE more, without even the excuse of a war, the nation is going to run into debt. Of the twenty millions in hand at the commencement of the year near thirteen have been expended, leaving only seven—if so much in reality—subject to draft, including the mint and assay office funds. The customs revenue has fallen off seven millions already, at the port of New York alone, and before trade revives another like falling off of seven millions is counted upon. Altogether the Government will require at least twenty millions of dollars to go on with. This sum Secretary Cobb proposes to raise by an issue of treasury notes or United States stock, under the authority of an act to be passed by Congress; and such is the national credit, that the most experienced financiers are calculating that the Government ought to get the money at three or at most four per cent.

It is impossible to take leave of this subject without paying a just tribute to Secretary Cobb for the courage and judgment he displayed during our late financial crisis. Had the Treasury been controlled by an inexperienced man or a man without nerve, it is not at all likely that the redemption of United States stock would have proceeded at any thing like the rate it did, if indeed it were not stopped altogether. Twelve millions of gold, which were added to our circulation at the time when specie was most needed, would have remained locked up in the sub-treasury; and in all human probability the revulsion would have lasted twice as long, and twice as many failures would have occurred. It is, indeed, an open question whether, had the Government jealously refused to part with any of its specie, as under some officers it would have done, the services of the military might not have been required in earnest for the protection of the public funds.

Mr. Cobb's course was bold and sagacious; the commercial community owe him a debt of gratitude which they will not be likely to repudiate.

THE WARS OF THE POLITICIANS.

KANSAS—everlasting Kansas—is still the *piece de resistance* at the political board. Governor Walker has been here, been to Washington, and seen the President; and the two great men, after the fullest and most conscientious study of the subject, have been unable to come to a conclusion satisfactory to both. The President is understood to sustain, Governor Walker to deny, the legality of the Constitution which the Lecompton Convention have made; the President holds, or is said to hold, that the submission of the slavery clause to the people is amply sufficient for all practical purposes, the Governor that the whole Constitution must of right be submitted; and on these issues the two have separated, never, in all probability, to meet again as political allies. Rumor, which knows every thing, adds that the greatest athletes of the Northern Democracy—even such giants as Douglas, Richardson, and Forney—are prepared to split with the Administration, and break lances on Walker's behalf. All this promises us a stormy session, and a pleasant diversion from the gloomy subject of our financial distresses.

Scarcely second to this Kansas war is the dispute about the National Printing. Round this luscious dish the political flies are buzzing, and squabbling, and jostling each other in the most furious manner. A couple of millions are at stake, and what will not politicians do for a couple of millions? It is very edifying to read the report of the caucus at which the Congressional appointments were decided. There was but little difficulty in choosing candidates for the various offices to which real dignity and influence are attached; these were disposed of amidst dignified composure and solemn decorum; but when the question of Printer came up, all was storm, confusion, noise, and fury. The best scene of all was when the chairman, Jones, of Tennessee, declared that he could not vote for a candidate whose name was before the caucus, on the ground that his former election was said to have been procured by corruption. Oh! the hurricane of virtuous amazement which burst from the pure patriots on the mere mention of such a thing! Fabricius was a fool to the printer's friends. They shouted and stamped, some swore, and some—in order to overwhelm the graceless calumniator—actually called for particulars; and, amidst the general tornado, the caucus adjourned, leaving the settlement of the question to another day. Would not a Patagonian infer from all this that such an arrangement as a compromise between hostile parties for the election of a printer, based on the principle that the profits were to be shared equally between the rivals, had never been heard of since the days of Adam? Yet how often, we may ask, have the spoils of the printing been awarded on any other plan than this, during the past quarter of a century?

On the really important subjects for legislation which are likely to come before the present session of Congress, it does not seem very probable that there will be much difference of opinion. The first grave subject is the relief of the Government by the issue of Treasury Notes. On this it is presumed that all parties will agree; at least, the organs of all parties approve the appeal to Congress, and denounce opposition as factious. On the Mormon question a few ultra Southerners may make a show of fight, but the late imprudences of Brigham Young have furnished the most conclusive reply to these cavilers. The various Territories to be organized will go through the formality without serious difficulty; and the States of Oregon and Minnesota will be admitted quietly. There may be a fight on the Currency question—with, however, but small prospect of practical result so far as the Banks are concerned; but, except this, the only hope of the politicians will be still in Kansas.

THE TERRITORY OF COLUMBUS.

BEHIND the range of mountains against which the State of California leans there lies a tract of country which enjoys no notoriety, and occupies a blank space in most of our maps. On three sides it is for the most part surrounded by a sandy desert; on the fourth by treeless mountains. Adown these mountains, however, course, here and there, little rills, which, by uniting in the valley below, make decent streams, some flowing southward to the Colorado, others losing themselves in the sandy desert of the interior. Where they run large and bold, the valleys are fertile; and on these oases some eight thousand white people have, singularly enough, pitched their tents. These eight thousand, by the voice of a Mr. Crane, now solicit Congress to erect them into a territory by the name and style of the Territory of Columbus.

Their reason for the request is very simple; they have no government, and want one. They don't belong to California, which lies on the other side the mountains; they won't have any part with the Mormons, who are their nearest neighbors inland; they can't afford, it seems, to govern themselves. So they beg for a territorial governor.

Congress will no doubt grant the request. It is high time Columbus were honored; but perhaps it would be a pity to give his name to a region which must be one of the poorest on the continent.

WHOLESOME AMUSEMENTS.

NEW YORKERS may congratulate themselves on the inauguration of the lecture season by Dr. Charles Mackay, whose lectures on British song, under the auspices of the Library Association, commenced the other evening. Dr. Mackay is not only an attractive lecturer; he is one of the first song writers in England—in all probability the most popular of them all. He speaks therefore of that which he knows; and tells his story in so attractive and pleasing a style that those who have heard him once are sure to hear him again.

A pleasant evening may likewise be spent with Mrs. Frances Anne Kemble, whose Shakspearian Readings are about to commence. They will enable many who object to go to the theatre to form a better acquaintance with Shakspeare than they could obtain from reading his plays at home.

But Mrs. Kemble is indeed too well known, both in this country and abroad, to need any introduction to the public. Her soirées are certain to be as successful as they ought to be.

THE LOUNGER.

PETER FUNK.

No Lounger of sensibility in these latter days but must gaze with melancholy compassion upon the red flag of Peter Funk. The modest shop is still open; conveniently open to the passing stranger. The piles of precious goods, of costly jewelry, are still visible and seductive to the rural eye. That stout band of associates and friends are still standing ready to assist the neophyte to those wonderful bargains; and Peter himself, still confident that the fools are not all dead yet, swings his hammer and his tongue, and still volubly vends worthless wares to supposititious purchasers.

But the hard times must gradually shake that cheerful confidence. Already a doleful expression is visible upon the faces of those extraordinary beings who stand on the outer side of the forlorn counter, and who play the public which is supposed to be attending the auction sale. They pick their teeth and look out into the street with an expression which is profoundly touching. They keep up the game with so little spirit that they can hardly hope to persuade any friend, however fresh from the country, and however anxious to secure a bargain, to step in. Even the eyes of Peter himself wander too restlessly toward the door, and, in moments of entire aberration of mind upon the part of the whole company, it is extremely pathetic to the mind of any well-regulated Lounger to observe that auctioneer and bidders are all looking away from the shop and from each other, although the tongue of Peter continues to rattle.

There is something deeply respectable in the profession of jackal to Peter Funk. Those gentlemen, suspiciously well-dressed, with a foreign or unshaven air, who make a little squad in the shop, and meet your eye calmly as you pass upon the street, are important parts of the social structure. They compose the somewhat cumbrous machinery by which superfluous dollars are pried out of silly pockets. They are a standing advertisement that there are ninnies yet to be had. They have occult relations with the rural districts. Where they dine, and where they go to when they go home, are curious questions. How they pass their evenings, and whether they sleep well, are also inquiries not without interest. How they came to go into that particular business, and what their net profits and terms of partnership may be, are problems for philosophers and friends of mankind.

It has the air of an easy business. Those who follow it usually transact their little affairs either leaning up against the wall, putting their hands in their pockets, or they are abstractedly engaged in dental excavations. They are, in fact, fishing for fools. They are flies swimming on the stream. They are bait; worms.

If any one of the profession chanced to see these lines he would not be at all offended. He has counted the cost. He understands himself. He lives by faith, standing listlessly in the shop, as much as Simeon Stylites upon his column. But it is a faith in folly. He is not "one of the roughs, a kosmos," but one of the smooths and the very dirties. As for Peter Funk himself, he belongs to cities like garbage and offal. No man has a firmer footing, and he looks as if he knew it.

The other day young Snodkin came down from "the rural districts" to have a peep at life, a term in great use to describe seeing all kinds of rascality. Thus a man who gets crazily drunk, who loses his money at gaming-houses, and his health and decency elsewhere, who is good for nothing in the world, and makes every body wonder why on earth he was created, is styled a man who has seen life. It isn't a difficult kind of life to see. If any ambitious youth wishes to "see life" in this manner, all the gates are wide open. Let him enter, and he will find it a matter of honest pride to say to his children by-and-by that he "saw life." It is a curious coincidence that "seeing life" usually ends in a drunken death.

Snodkin came to see life. He brought ten dollars for his modest expenses. Landing at the foot of Courtland Street, he strolled about the streets until, allured by a red flag and an enlightened curiosity, he entered the little shop of Peter Funk just in time to secure a lot of silver pencils that were going at a ridiculous price. He bid for the lot, thinking to make at least a hundred per cent. upon his bargain. The lot came to just ten dollars, and he would doubtless have made his hundred per cent. with great ease, if the pencils had not proved to be pewter. This little sale terminated his visit to town, and having seen life he went home again.

Since his return, and while he lay upon his bed in the silent watches of the night (which he avers in a private note, are not brass watches), he has expressed his melancholy feelings in lines which the Lounger gladly makes public for the particular benefit of his friends who, like young Snodkin, leave their common sense at home when they come to town.

PETER FUNK.

Who, when I wandered down Broadway,
Upon a bright autumnal day,
With winning voice urged me to stay?
Peter Funk.

Who, when he saw this rural ass,
By his large shop-door slowly pass,
For my good gold did give me brass?
Peter Funk.

Who, when with pockets full of tin,
I tarried to go in and win,
Took out the tin and took me in?
Peter Funk.

Who taught me—lesson ne'er forgot!—
That from the fascinating spot,
Though I would go, the watch would not?
Peter Funk.

Who, when I bought a pencil nice,
At a most reasonable price,
Sold me a hundred in a trice?
Peter Funk.

Who smiled at me, when with affright
I found that I could neither right
Myself, nor make the pencil write?
Peter Funk.

Who, when I bought pins with a view
To the gay shawl of Nancy Drew,
With the same pins did stick me too?
Peter Funk.

Who, rolling his complacent quid,
Knocked down to me whate'er was bid,
And when I bid not, said I did?
Peter Funk.

Who—brother asses! coming down
To see the wonders of the town—
Though you be green soon does you brown?
Peter Funk.

Who knows, though it was never told,
When you come down so brave and bold,
That he will sell and you be sold?
Peter Funk.

O pewter pins! O rings of brass,
Intended for the country lass!
O Phineas Snodkin, rural ass!
O Peter Funk!

"LOOK ON THIS PICTURE, AND ON THIS."

In the history of art there is one incident which is always mentioned with enthusiasm, mingled with regret, as an indication of the instinctive love and appreciation of beauty which distinguished Europeans, and especially Italians. When old Cimabue, who died about the beginning of the fourteenth century, and is generally considered to be the father of modern painting, had painted a Madonna holding the infant in her lap, the people of Florence carried the picture with festal pomp and religious ceremony through the streets, to the Church of Santa Maria Novella.

You may see it there still, if you will take the trouble to go to Florence. It is very dim and dingy, and the Virgin has a crown of real gold. But the Madonna looks so modest, and is so withdrawn into obscurity, that you can hardly believe she was once the object of a popular ovation. The smoke of centuries of incense has almost obliterated her beauty. Perhaps you will think her awkward. Perhaps, as you tarry in the old church—which Michael Angelo used to call his bride—and before you step into the convent to buy some of the scented distillations of the monks—for they make some of the choicest perfumes in the world—you will have a thousand thoughts of the wonderful history with which the picture has been contemporary. And, as an American, you will chiefly reflect with admiration upon the profound love of art and homage to beauty evinced by the old Florentines in their treatment of the picture. Perhaps, for a moment, your admiration will be so ardent, that you will even grudge being a Yankee.

They were famous old fellows, beyond question. Unhappily, equally beyond question, they were fickle and false and turbulent. Turn a page of Machiavelli, who lived among them and wrote history, and you will seem to be reading of a human ocean, always heaving and tempestuous. New York is bad enough, but it is not yet so bad as the Florence of the days in which Cimabue painted his Madonna.

And as for their taste in art—did they not carry the picture in solemn procession? Does any man require further proof of their superiority to all other people in appreciation of the fine arts?

Not quite so fast, please. Not only is the worst city in material America a more peaceful and desirable residence than the Florence of that time, but the people of another American city, and one not especially celebrated for its devotion to the fine arts, have done precisely the thing for which the old Florentines are praised with enthusiasm for doing by all the historians and poets, and which, in fact, constitutes the chief interest of the picture, and the act is received as a matter of course; a few papers print it in unimportant type, while the rumor that Senator Douglas was supposed to have intended to bow to Governor Walker if he passed him, is telegraphed in the largest type through the land.

On the 24th of November Crawford's bronze statue of Washington was drawn by the people of Richmond, in Virginia, to the square where it is to be placed. The Mayor of the city did what every American is expected to do upon such an occasion: he mounted the box and "made a neat speech;" and likewise the Governor, "*by the aid of a rope*" and the shoulders of the crowd, was elevated into a convenient perch, and harangued with "eloquence and powerful effect."

Ah! what lovers of art, how loyal to the beautiful, were the Americans of the nineteenth century! How superior to the petty pursuits of material trade! With what enthusiasm of homage they honored genius! How noble and inspiring the spectacle of citizens bearing the statue in their arms, as it were, and placing it with impromptu eloquence upon its pedestal!

Good friend, and enthusiastic traveler to the shrines of foreign excellence, if you may say so of the Florentines and Cimabue's picture, why not of the Richmonders and Crawford's statue?

SETTLING AN ACCOUNT.

It is nearly a month since the Lounger discoursed of the Indian Summer. But the warm days about the first of December, as they drew all the frost out of the ground, so they also disturbed the firm conviction of many that the Indian Summer falls at the end of October and the beginning of November.

Now this sort of thing is very annoying:—not the warm weather, but the want of warm faith. Have we no principles? Is nothing to be considered settled? Are people to be forever popping up with their motion upon the previous question? The previous question, good friends, was settled previously, and is not to be disturbed. We shall have somebody next writing to the Lounger in the middle of the January thaw to know if he may call that the Indian Summer!

No, Sir, you may not call it the Indian Summer. Why should you be guilty of the extreme absurdity of inquiring whether cabbage goes with roast beef? You know it does not. You might as well ask whether you shall put mustard on your gingerbread; and you will do it one of these days, if you go on in this foolish way about the Indian Summer.

The other evening no less than two recusants gravely denied the proper time of that season. They went for the same season, but other times. They said it belonged to the *end of November!*

Whether such an assertion is to be classed with crime or insanity it is difficult to say. As suitable to both conditions, however, the Lounger recommended something hot before retiring as an internal emollient; and he tried the mixture to make sure it was of the requisite quality. It is not true that he recommended lemon-peel as a flavor, provided it is found possible for the patient to get it down without. But he did say that the sugar should be melted by the hot water, with the spoon left in as a conductor.

During the progress of the treatment the Lounger added some conclusive arguments upon the subject, and proved that you are not to run off at a tangent, and gloat over every warm day after the middle of November as the Indian Summer. The absolute truth of the matter is contained in what follows.

The Indian Summer was the season of the late Indian harvest. The savages were philosophers, and preferred to leave their *harvest* (it consisted of a little Indian corn) until the latest possible moment. With this truth is associated a poetic fable that at this season of the year the Indians at the West burned the prairies, and the westerly winds prevailing, wafted the heat and smoke eastward over the civilized settlements. The collateral evidence is imported from Europe. In that well-known country the season is called Summer of All Saints and Summer of St. Martin. The Lounger put the recusants to the most overwhelming shame by the sudden inquiry, "Do you read?" followed by that fearful after-clap, "Do you remember what you read?" and then he burst out upon them in the lovely lines of *Evangeline* until they smiled through their tears of shame:

"Such was the advent of Autumn, then followed that beautiful season,
Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All Saints!
Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light; and the landscape
Lay as if new created in all the freshness of childhood."

Now the first of November is All-Saints-Day, and the eleventh or thereabouts is Martinmas. Is the name of the season accounted for? And will any person of the ordinary endowments of humanity pretend that it is possible to arrive at any other conclusion than that the Indian Summer is the week of exquisite haze that wraps the earth as it lies peaceful after its great birth of the harvest, as a child lies at his baptism surrounded by a cloud of incense?

Besides, is not Thanksgiving always at the end of November? and did any reasonable being ever associate the dreamy Indian Summer with that apotheosis of roast turkey, coasting, and skating?

May not a patient world hope that hereafter the law of gravitation, cabbage with boiled beef, the Copernican theory, and the season of the Indian Summer may be considered as settled questions?

THE LETTER-BOX.

Dear Lounger,—I am in a little quandary, and I was in the same last winter; but then there was no Lounger, and I could not take proper advice. I want to know how I am to arrange about my hoops when I waltz. The fact is, that they turn up the bottom of the dress in a frightful way. If you will just fancy yourself wearing a bell for a skirt, and whirling round swiftly, you can also fancy how easy it would be to see to the tops of your boots. That is just my difficulty. We all have to be conscious of it. What with low-necked dresses and hoops, I don't know what we are coming to. I wish Eugènie would just set a new fashion. You know *we* can't stir about it. *We* don't know any thing about fashion until they send it over from Paris. I hope they are moral over there, for it would be dreadful to have to wear any thing—or, rather, not wear any thing—to a degree that would be indecent. But we couldn't help ourselves. We should have to follow. Potier would cut our dresses short at the knees if the *mode* came out so from France! Dear me! I'm half afraid that it isn't quite proper to talk to a Lounger about the tops of his boots, and that word just above beginning with *k*. But since hoops came in, one is so dreadfully confused about these things. Yours, dear Lounger,

Nelly Lancer.

My dear Lounger,—I was very much amused the other day, when I dined at Mrs. Coddleum's with a pretty party. Lord Bullseye, the young and desirable English nobleman, was at table, and he sat next to Nelly Lancer. She was dressed within less than an inch of— Well! you know the proverb, and it's neither here nor there. Una Lamb sat opposite his Lordship and Miss Nelly, and, as usual, she was dressed very simply, and her neck was covered with a lace cape. I saw them looking at her, and Nelly Lancer's eyes flashed as if she were saying some good thing. After the ladies left the table, Bullseye (I am very intimate with him) said to me, "Miss Lancer is very sprightly." "Charmingly so, your Lord's Lordship," replied I (we are on very familiar terms). My noble friend continued: "I was admiring Miss Una Lamb, and was speaking of her and her modest toilet to Miss Lancer. 'Oh, yes,' said she, 'very nice person—only she is not dressed enough for the occasion;' at the same time," observed his Lordship, "I was able to see daylight under Miss Nelly's arms, between the neck of her dress and her shoulder! Now," said my noble friend, Bullseye, "I want to know what is considered dressing *enough* in the delightful circles of the metropolis."

I am sure you will be able to inform his Lordship, and so I write for your assistance in my answer, and am, dear Lounger, yours respectfully,

Cynicus.

In pursuance of this interesting inquiry, the Lounger has taken the advice of the most successful and accomplished dowager in the city, Mrs. Pismire Gracchi, who has conducted the most disastrous campaigns against bachelors upon record, having secured no less than seven sons-in-law in two winter seasons and one active summer at Saratoga and Newport. She sends the following note, which will, of course, be entirely satisfactory to Lord Bullseye:

"Mrs. Pismire Gracchi's compliments to the Lounger, and begs to say, in reply to his inquiry, that any young lady may wear a dress as low as it can be cut (provided only that it does not slip off altogether), and still preserve a theoretical decency. *Practically*, of course, it is unnecessary for Mrs. Gracchi to say to a Lounger, who knows the world—it is simply indecent. Mrs. P. G. is, however, firmly persuaded that it will not do to push modesty too far. She has never done so; and she refers with pride to her matrimonial enterprises for her daughters. Mrs. Pismire Gracchi has one great fundamental principle of modest conduct, which she insists upon all her daughters observing. It may be put colloquially thus: 'Agnes Amelia, my dear, wear your dresses as low as you possibly can; but always blush if the word "leg" is mentioned.' The result is an elevated tone of society which is truly honorable to human nature.

"Mrs. Gracchi will be always happy to place her experience at the disposition of The Lounger."

Mr. Lounger,—I went the other evening to hear Formes, the great German singer. The house was very full, and I secured a good place. But scarcely had he begun his famous aria than two young persons, of different sexes, both of whom wore white gloves, and had the appearance of being a gentleman and a lady, began a kind of tittering whisper, which continued at intervals during the rest of the evening. Why are such people permitted in a place of public amusement? Their indifference to good music is excusable, but their ignorance of good manners is unpardonable. May I not ask the usher to remove such nuisances into the lobby? Yours, Robert le Diable.

There can be no doubt of it. If you may ask to have dogs taken out, why not people who conduct themselves in the same way? The parquette and the boxes may always learn propriety of demeanor from the galleries at the opera. But as nobody will ever apply to the usher for the removal of such persons, the only practicable way is to ask them to stop. At a concert in Arcadia, long ago, Minerva leaned over to some gossiping shepherds in front of her, whose murmur was not so sweet as the music. "It is incredible," said she, "but some people have come here to hear the music!" The shepherds blushed with shame, and no whisper was ever again heard at an Arcadian concert.

Bohemian Walks and Talks.

ETHELINDA WRITES A NOVEL.

There has been a great excitement in what the *Daily Blower* calls "a palatial mansion" up town. It is the high-stoop-four-story-brown-stone-front house where, like unto the pet canary in his gilded cage, or a small-breed terrier on a Brussels rug, dwells the brightest and most beautiful of her sex, the fair Ethelinda. Her father, who is ordinarily at the bank or playing long whist at the club, and her mother, who pervades the basement, left this infant mind to itself and Madame Chegary. The infant mind voted Madame Chegary a bore, and paid as little attention as possible to her educational ministrations. Like a bad finger-nail, the infant mind grew in upon itself, and produced inflammation of a morbid character. The symptoms were chiefly developed in surreptitious perusals of the *Weekly Sugar-Plum*. Fired by the example of "every body," the hapless Ethelinda "communed within herself." (So she says—queer place to commune, isn't it?) She felt a "thirst for fame," an "innate longing," a "spirit whisper of genius," and various other incomprehensible things, to which her mamma said "Fudge!" and papa, not being able to see what it was all about, went quietly to sleep, like a sensible man and an ornament of Wall Street, as he is.

The disease passed through its regular stages. The patient remained shut up in her own room for many days, absolutely declining to see any of the splendid trowsers or magnificent waistcoats that called upon her. I, being, as she said, a "kindred spirit," was more favored. I, Sir, saw the scattered sheets of MS., stamped with the name of De la Rue and the impress of genius. I beheld the dear fingers of the best and brightest stained with ink—*blue ink*—and on the end of that nose, which, like the dome of St. Peter's, is "calculated to strike the beholder with mingled admiration and awe"—(Murray)—on that sweet nose was a spot of Maynard and Noyes's best; that hair, which once flowed in ringlets over a neck that Hebe would have been glad to have had, was now tied up in little knots with bits of the fair one's favorite journal; that mouth, once as rosy as a ward politician on election day, was discolored by having been used as a pen-wiper in the mental abstraction caused by a flash of genius; those dear eyes, which once beamed with Aurora's fires, now dimmed and paled by over-watching for ideas that would not come. I said, with the man in the play, "Oh, what a wreck is here!" and gazed upon the unhappy girl with pity.

She received me with stern severity, and produced from her *escritoire* a large roll of MS. tied with pale-blue ribbon, the leaves stitched with the same, which MS. I was immediately to convey to Messrs. Harper and Brothers, to be by them published in the very best manner, on very thick tinted paper, with wide margins, illuminated initials for the chapters, and to be bound in Russian leather, embossed. The authoress was of opinion that at least ten thousand copies would be needed for the first edition, and as it was a little difficult, Pa said, to make collections just now (Pa is the trustee of the fair creature's "ten thousand a year in her own right"), she would be obliged if Major Harper would send her a check for a thousand at once. "Before reading the manuscript?" I ventured to ask. "Before reading the manuscript," replied the brightest and best, with an accent sufficiently decisive to lead me to believe that there would be disagreeable consequences attendant upon a further pressure of the subject. I then informed her that Major Harper was a most liberal patron of young authors, and particularly amiable to authoresses; that he was in the constant habit of giving away thousand-dollar checks for MSS. that he had not read; that he was continually dining the contributors to the *Weekly* and the *Magazine* at Delmonico's, and was in the habit of putting deeds for corner-lots under their soup-plates. Might I ask permission to glance over the pages of the great work? With a smile such as might have broke from the lips of Ariadne when there was received a false telegraphic dispatch announcing the return of Theseus, the gentle creature acceded to the request.

Behold me now turning over the leaves dewy with the perfume of the fairest-tipped fingers in the world! The great work is before me. Its title—fairly engrossed in that queer old English letter with which young ladies mark their pocket-handkerchiefs in such a mysterious way that no one can tell to whom they belong—is "Pride and its Consequences; or, the Duchess of Weehawken. A Novel, in Three Volumes. By Gusty Greenbrier."

The preface, which includes forty-eight pages, sets forth that the writer has been impelled to present the "outgushings" of her sensibilities to the public, with a view to elevate American literature in general and the standard of the female mind in particular. The first chapter is a splendid description of the scenery of Hoboken, with the romantic ferry-boat *James Watt* in the foreground, a poetic lager bier saloon and ship-yard in the middle distance, and "away to the northward stretches the woody heights of sweet Weehawken, bathed in the mellow light of an Indian Summer sun." The ferry-boat and the ship-yard are introduced in order to give the fashionable pre-Raphaelite touch to the description. Ever since the British Art Exhibition opened, all the young ladies have become pre-Raphaelites. Brown don't like it; he thinks it will interfere with the *post mortem* business in some way or another. Well, you see Miss Greenbrier's heroine, with her passional attraction, was crossing to Hoboken in the *James Watt*. The heroine, Sallie Annie, is presumed to be from the humbler classes—those who, as we are told by our romantic friend at City Hall, produce every thing and get nothing. She produces waistcoats for a monster in human shape who keeps a clothing-shop in the Bowery—and gets nothing of any consequence for doing it. She is a magnificent creature, rather above the usual height of women, with golden hair (that's a tender point with Ethelinda—hers inclines to red), and such "sweet blue eyes, in whose depths you may read the outgushes of her soul" (whatever that is). She has a strange, proud bearing among her shop-mates, and a passion for Hoboken. From these two circumstances she has received the *sobriquet* of the Duchess of Weehawken, and Miss Greenbrier has obtained the title of her great work. The Duchess has—fits—of melancholy. She has been known to cry over the crimson velvet waistcoat of a returned Californian, and ever and anon complains of a "secret thirst for something, she knows not what" (the monster suggested it might be a pickle or a bit of slate-pencil), and ever and anon she has an inward monitor which tells her she has a soul above eyelet holes, and that she was not born to make waistcoats for thirty-seven and a half cents each.

Her history, says the fair authoress, has been a wild and eventful one. She has a dim vision of a pleasant Southern home—with happy colored persons, enjoying the luxury of picking cotton, with the thermometer at one hundred and twenty degrees of Fahrenheit—of a gentle mother who occupied her time chiefly in reading novels, and a gruff old father, who sat all day on the piazza smoking cigars, and drinking iced rum-punch. Then comes a great cloud and an awful void—then the monster, and the waistcoats, and the dreary world, and the secret thirst, and the inward longing, and Weehawken, and the ferry-boat, and dear, dear Jacob. That person—perhaps you have divined that he is the lover of the Duchess—is next described. Of humble origin (his father superintended the propulsion of a grocery wagon), Jacob, familiarly "Jakey," was a young man of extraordinary physical and mental advantages. Graduating with distinguished honors from a ward school, he adopted his father's avocation, but went into the country milk line. By assiduously watering the lacteal fluid, and sweetening the servant girls, he was soon able to establish himself in business on his own account. [Here the authoress diverges into twenty pages of fine writing about the American mind—the progress, enterprise, and glory of our citizens—and other matters of that sort, which I shall mercifully pass over with a mere mention.] Jacob has achieved political honors, and has been elevated to a seat in the Common Council from the —th Ward. On the evening before the opening of the story he has defied the demon of corruption, and made a great speech against the laying of a curb-stone in Two Hundredth Street, thereby saving to the city treasury the sum of $378 25, and preventing the inhabitants of the avenue before-mentioned from tumbling over a useless encumbrance.

Flushed with his first victory, he hath invited the Duchess to a promenade in the Elysian Fields. Arrayed in a new blue coat with bright buttons, a waistcoat of many colors—red predominant—with new striped trowsers, and a rainbow scarf, Jacob goes forth conquering and to conquer. The Duchess gazed upon him with conscious pride, and for once "a beam of joy lit up the desolate mazes of her lonely heart." But the demon Pride enter-

ed the mazes and the beam departed. Jacob proposed refreshments, and a quarrel took place upon some trivial matter. They parted in anger at the stile on the shore. Jacob rushed forth like Ishmael into the great desert of Jersey, and was seen no more of men.

Overcome with her emotions, the Duchess paced the walk by the sea-shore for many hours. The sun went down—the inhabitants of Jersey returned from their avocations in the city—the lights of the metropolis began to spring up—but, lost in her desolation, she knew no lapse of time. Almost dead with fatigue, at a late hour, she dragged herself to the ferry, and was horrified by the brute of a fare-taker, who demanded three cents for her passage across the broad bosom of the noble Hudson. This rude shock awoke the Duchess to a recollection of the hard, cold, outward world. She collected all her energies, and felt in all her pockets. Alas! she had no money! Where was Jacob? Where, indeed! Wandering like a Pariah among the Irish shanties at Bergen.

This is the end of the first volume, between which and the second there is an interval of several months. The second volume tells us how the Duchess vainly endeavored to negotiate a small loan from divers Jerseymen; how she bound herself to cruel taskmasters, who never permitted her to leave the State; and how, like the children of Israel, she could see afar off that Canaan which she was not permitted to enter. This volume is chiefly devoted to an analysis of the heroine's desolate heart. It is absolutely harrowing. In the third volume we find that an unknown friend appears. He is a middle-aged person, bald on the top of his head, and wears a white waistcoat in the winter. He proves the Duchess to belong to one of the first families of Texas, and heiress to thousands of acres of lands, and several hundred slaves. By this time her heart is entirely burned out by her emotions. Nothing is left of it but a cinder, which the middle-aged person gets; and she drags on the weary chain of a miserable existence until sweet death dissolves it. As for Jacob, he became captain of a canal boat, and recklessly threw away his life in a conflict with some land pirates who attempted to cut the towing-rope.

"The claims of this stirring production to literary renown are many, and should not be lightly passed over. In it we find a reflex of the delicate and highly sensitive mental organization of the authoress, who has been doomed to a life of acute misery since her infancy. Her parents have indulged her every wish, but can not fill that aching void which is ever the companion of a high order of genius. With a pen at once facile and glowing, Miss Greenbrier has given a voice to the echoes which resound through lonely chambers of her heart, and has touched a string which will find a responsive chord in the heart of every woman of mind in the land."

Thus writes a distinguished critic, to whom the work has been submitted. Others express themselves thus:

"A great work."

"The best novel since the Abandoned Mother-in-law."

"Calculated to make a tremendous sensation."

"The Trials of Jane Ire are eclipsed in this wonderful volume."

"Miss Greenbrier has a great future before her. Her first work is soul-permeating."

"It will take the leading place in the works of the talented women of the age."

"Admirably thrilling—the descriptions touched with the pencil of a true artist."

And so on.

I am sorry, however, for the sake of literature, to say that the Messrs. Harper have not agreed to Ethelinda's propositions, and that she has indignantly withdrawn the manuscript. Therefore the great work will be published by subscription—at fifteen dollars each. The printing will be commenced when fifteen thousand dollars shall have been subscribed. Remittances, in gold or city notes, may be sent to the office of this journal, addressed to the writer of these papers.

AN OPERATIC REVIVAL.

He's come, Delphia! And he's not only come, but he has sung. For-mes has sung in "*Robert le Diable*," and the Academy suffered from such a Teutonic plethora on the night of his *début* as has never been heard of before. Had it been the occasion of a political meeting the crowd could not have been greater. He is a great artist too, Delphia, however his name may be pronounced. With a splendid presence, fine dramatic powers, a voice with a greater range than that of Marini, and much mellower, smoother quality, For-mes, Delphia, deserves all the good things that the critics say about him. La Grange, too, as Alice, fights the good fight against all wickedness with touching simplicity, and poor frightened Carioli sung "*Robert, toi que j'aime*" charmingly. And what a treat it is to see Anschutz conducting his excellent orchestra! If there ever was a *chef* who had his soul in his score, it is this enthusiastic devotee of Meyerbeer and all his works. Ethelinda and all Harper's female contributors were there on the first night. So I need not say the house was brilliant, intellectual, critical, fashionable, *recherche*, *distingué*, *élite*, and all that sort of thing. Of course it was. *Vive l'Opéra!*

BOHEMIEN.

REV. WILLIAM R. WILLIAMS, D.D.,

PASTOR OF AMITY STREET BAPTIST CHURCH, N. Y.

REV. WILLIAM R. WILLIAMS, D.D.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

If a stranger in this city, passing up Broadway, should, on reaching Amity Street, turn two or three blocks to his left, his eye would rest upon a plain, unpretending structure of marble, somewhat dingy with age, and which, with some slight hesitation, perhaps, he might denominate a church. Its own occupants, however, true to the stern principles of a creed which sees in the church not brick, or mortar, or marble, but the living body of the Redeemer, would disown the appellation, and speak of it simply as a meeting-house. Without tower, bell, or steeple—with no Gothic ornament or fantastic device in the way of appendage, it boasts only that simple style of beauty which is inseparable from utility. Much like the edifice is the occupant of its pulpit, for a more plain, unassuming possessor of real genius it would be difficult to find. If it is the Sabbath, and the hour of morning service, you may ascend the flight of steps, and find welcome accommodation in seats not overcrowded although respectably filled, by an audience of a cast quite different, in several respects, from the crowds that throng more imposing and popular churches. You are surrounded by those who have learned the art to listen and to think; who look for something in a preacher beside sound and the musical cadence of rotund sentences. The preliminary exercises are closed, and the preacher rises to announce his text. There is nothing promising in his appearance. His countenance is somewhat equivocal in expression. It is homely enough, but whether with the homeliness of genius may well be questioned. His head is slightly bald, evidently showing that time has borne off some trophies. He speaks, but his voice is low and almost inaudible. Sitting not a great way from the pulpit, there are yet some words which you fail to catch. His pronunciation has something peculiar about it, and as he proceeds there is a rather unpleasant monotone of inflection, which, if you are unacquainted with the speaker, you are liable to mistake for the marks of affectation. His voice rises somewhat, although almost imperceptibly, as he unfolds his subject. The sentences move on with a stately tread, as if conscious of the weight of thought with which they are laden; and yet it is some time before, in those quiet, gentle tones, you begin to feel that you are listening to a real master in the art of thinking. At length some original or striking thought, neatly but not gorgeously dressed, engages your attention. You begin to listen with interest. Another link is added to the chain of argument or discussion. You admire the fitness and skill with which it is welded, and at length, before you are aware, your whole soul is enchained. You forget the homeliness of feature. You are no longer conscious of effort in listening to that feeble voice. The speaker now and then bends over with his face almost to his manuscript, and your ready sympathy helps you to gather up his meaning as you seem to gaze with him upon the written page. But he approaches his conclusion; and now his sentences, though his voice even yet is nowise impetuous, seem all aglow with fervor. Every one tells. Some picture-word flashes out a whole volume of meaning. Some apt illustration gives force and clearness to his vivid appeal. The speaker is forgotten in his subject, and when he closes the Bible you feel that he has delivered a message from God.

The style of Dr. Williams, if not the natural outgrowth of his studious and original mind, has been formed on the most beautiful and classic models. He is a thorough master of manly English. Every variety of figure and illustration seems waiting, ready to answer to his call. Although no subject seems to have altogether escaped his extensive and careful investigation, he seems most thoroughly at home in all departments of historical study. Some grand old scene of heroic doing or daring has the strongest charm to rivet his gaze. That sublime record of faith, Heb. xi., is to him the "roll-call of the dead," for whom the living give answer. The heart of "the noble Bruce" flung into the midst of the foes, to be won back by their defeat, comes in to kindle the ardor of the Christian combatant who would rescue his Redeemer's cause from the world's contempt. Nothing great or inspiring in the records of Christian endurance or martyrdom seems to have escaped his notice. Past ages spread around him with a living presence, and he takes in the vast panorama at a glance of his eye. No denominational sympathies wall him out from the great and good of all time. He can admire all that is admirable in Xavier as warmly as they who canonize the Jesuit missionary's name. The unswerving Nonconformist, albeit a pedobaptist, is yet his brother. A deed of generous self-denial, of truly Christian charity, wins his praise, whoever did it. Familiar with history in no commonplace way—not by skimming its surface, but by fathoming its depths—he draws at will from its exhaustless treasures to impress some familiar truth, or enforce some lesson of arduous duty. It is this frequent inweaving of historic incident, combined with the tributary and ever-ready wealth of a teeming imagination, that imparts to his style a peculiar attractiveness. Rich hues of coloring, and a tropical luxuriance of imagery, clothe the massive trunks of thought with a sometimes too gorgeous and profuse foliage. We linger under its shadow, charmed by the music that warbles from every branch, and almost forget that we are there, not for mere pleasure, but to be refreshed for more arduous toil.

The publications of Dr. Williams are not numerous. Undoubtedly his native diffidence has made him morbidly cautious in trusting his thoughts to the press. Indeed he seems to shrink from publicity. We never recollect to have seen him on the platform where clergymen "most do congregate" in Anniversary Week; and we think, had he been present, we should at once have recognized those homely but honest and sturdy features. Several works, however, have been given by him to the world, all of them rich with the learning and the piety of the Christian scholar. His "Lectures on the Lord's Prayer" is a book to be read, and read again. His "Religious Progress" is a volume of discourses on Christian character, based on the passage 2 Peter, i. 5–7, prepared and published at the suggestion of a brother clergyman. It is superfluous perhaps to add, that they abundantly sustain the author's reputation. Besides these, he has published a volume of "Miscellanies"—some of them addresses before College Societies, or articles for the reviews. Some of these we have perused with grateful admiration, and have been constrained to regard them as among the richest contributions of sanctified genius to the literature of the land. A more chastened imagination and a more careful revision might undoubtedly have pruned away some redundancies—some things overloading occasionally the idea which the author seeks to illustrate—as undoubtedly they would have led to a correction of occasional violations of a proper and grammatical construction of the sentences; but it may well be questioned whether the process could so be conducted that more would be gained than lost by it.

For nearly a quarter of a century the name and career of Dr. Williams have been identified with the history of the Baptist Church in this city. His father was the Rev. John Williams, a native of Wales, who came to this country in 1795. For twenty-seven years he was the pastor of the Oliver Street Baptist Church, until his death, in 1825. His earnest and devoted piety, his decision of character, his unbending firmness of principle, his ever warm and glowing charity, are still affectionately remembered in the hearts of some who still survive, and the mantle of his virtues has fallen upon the shoulders of the more distinguished son. Dr. Williams for more than twenty-five years—he was settled in 1831—has been the beloved pastor of his present charge. He has evidently framed his own theological system mainly from the Scripture standards. It was never his privilege to be the inmate of a theological seminary. His choice of a pursuit of life in his early days led him to fit himself for the legal profession. He had already entered upon its duties, and a brilliant and successful career seemed to be opening before him, when a new and holier purpose drew him aside to the service of Christ in the ministry of the Gospel. How strong the influence of Christian principle must have been in bringing about this decision, may be judged by the reply of John Jay, in whose office he studied, to the remark which a friend made him as to having in his office "a rather smart son of a Baptist minister." "My friend," said Jay, "there is not now in the city of New York a lawyer of profounder talent than this young Williams." Indeed his whole life has been that of a close student, to be appalled by no difficulties which energy and perseverance could overcome; and when these were combined with his intellectual grasp, his analytical power, and surprising memory, his success as a scholar in any career which he might have selected could not long have remained doubtful. He was graduated at Columbia College, at the age of eighteen, studied law three years in the office of Mr. Jay, and, six years later, at the age of twenty-seven, entered upon that sphere of pastoral duty with which he has since been connected. It is said that his *call* to the ministry was peculiar. It is the practice of the Baptists, in their individual churches, to set apart men to preach the Gospel on the principles of strict Independency. The church to which Mr. Williams belonged was without a pastor. At a meeting of members the necessity of securing one was under consideration. The name of one and another eminent minister was proposed. At length a venerable man remarked that he believed there was a young man in the congregation whose duty it was to become a minister, and to be the spiritual guide of that flock. Others said the same thing. All seemed to know who was meant, but none named him. By-and-by a modest young lawyer arose, and said he trusted that no diffidence would restrain a young man from yielding to the voice of the church, which, in such a case, might perhaps be considered the voice of God. Then, to his surprise and confusion, he was told, "*Thou art the man!*" He was not disobedient to the call. And that man was William R. Williams.

Although Dr. Williams is singularly unobtrusive, modest, and retiring, his worth is well known. His judgment inspires confidence; and one of the heaviest blows which the "Bible Union" ever received came from his pen, in the shape of objections to the principles and measures which it chose to adopt. Dr. Williams's fame is no transient bubble. It has been fairly earned, by diligent study and persevering and faithful toil. It is a gem which time will polish and not corrode. It is a noble testimony to his real worth, that his ambition can not be tempted to seek a larger field or a more distinguished position. Almost any professional sphere which he might have selected would have been freely opened to him, and repeatedly has he been urged to leave his present post to occupy such a position. But to his mind the temptation was powerless. The youth who resisted the allurements of a brilliant prospect in the legal profession has become the veteran of the pulpit, who asks only to be useful as a faithful minister of Jesus Christ.

He has visited Europe on three occasions—the last in 1853, on account of his health. We can scarcely imagine any one who would more thoroughly enjoy the scenes beyond the ocean consecrated to historic fame, or one who could enter with more zeal and hearty zest into their interesting and often thrilling associations.

A PARENTAL ODE TO MY SON.

Aged Three Years and Five Months.

Thou happy, happy elf!
(But stop—first let me kiss away that tear)—
Thou tiny image of myself!
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear!)
Thou merry, laughing sprite!
With spirits feather-light,
Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin—
(Good Heavens! the child is swallowing a pin!)
Thou little tricksy Puck!
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing bird that wings the air—
(The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)
Thou darling of thy sire!
(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire!)
Thou imp of mirth and joy!
In Love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents—(Drat the boy!
There goes my ink!)

Thou cherub—but of earth;
Fit playfellow for Fays, by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth,
(That dog will bite him if he pulls its tail!)
Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
From every blossom in the world that blows,
Singing in youth's elysium ever sunny,
(Another tumble!—that's his precious nose!)

Thy father's pride and hope!
(He'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope!)
With pure heart newly stamped from Nature's mint—
(Where did he learn that squint?)
Thou young domestic dove!
(He'll have that jug off, with another shove!)
Dear nursling of the Hymeneal nest!
(Are those torn clothes his best?)
Little epitome of man!
(He'll climb upon the table, that's his plan!)
Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life—
(He's got a knife!)

Thou enviable being!
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
Play on, play on,
My elfin John!
Toss the light ball—bestride the stick—
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)
With fancies, buoyant as the thistle-down,
Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,
With many a lamb-like frisk—
(He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown!)

Thou pretty opening rose!
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)
Balmy and breathing music like the South,
(He really brings my heart into my mouth!)
Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star—
(I wish that window had an iron bar!)
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove—
(I'll tell you what, my love,
I can not write, unless he's sent above!)

TRAVEL NOTES IN BIBLE LANDS.

No. XXII.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Another change of Route.—A Discussion.—John Steenburger's quandary.—Departure from Baalbec.—The Cedars of Lebanon.—Evening under the Cedars.—The Eyes of that English Girl.—A Ride and a Reverie.—Down the Mountains.—Valley of the Kadesha.—Tripoli on the Sea-Shore.

IT had been my design when I left Damascus to reach the shores of the Mediterranean at Beyrout, but our English friends, with whom we were now traveling, had a plan of travel before them in which they urged us to join them, and which we were without much difficulty induced to adopt. It was their intention to explore that portion of Asia Minor which is made specially interesting by the history of the Apostles and the early Christian Church, visiting the city in the north of Syria where the disciples were first called Christians, and whence that name spread north and south, and east and west, till Rome and the world were proud to adopt it, and kings and emperors considered as their noblest decorations the insignia of their faith in the once despised Nazarene. Thence they wished to go to Tarsus, the city of Saul, and so on to the seven churches of the Apocalypse.

On leaving Baalbec, if they pursued their proposed route and we our own, we should part company; for they would go northwest to the Cedars of Lebanon, we south, down the Valley of the Leontes.

In the morning after the storm which I described in my last we held a consultation. Such councils are among the most characteristic scenes of Oriental travel. Breakfast stood, or the remains of it, on the tent table. Sir John was smoking a quiet pipe, and looking up at the lofty architrave of the great Temple of the Sun. Miss Grandison, wholly recovered from the effects of the storm, lay half reclining on the pile of saddles and blankets which were in the sunshine before the tents. John Steenburger—oblivious of that grave by the Sea of Galilee (have you forgotten it, oh! my reader?)—John Steenburger was smoking fiercely, and looking with all his eyes at the superb lady whose face was worthy of that gaze; and the writer hereof was discussing with Sheik Selim the route to Tripoli across the mountains by way of the Cedars.

On the table among the breakfast fixtures lay pistols and pipes, bullets and belts, and all the loose paraphernalia of armed travelers. Around the tents the horses and mules were tethered by their fore feet to ropes fastened to stakes in the ground; and ten swarthy Arabs sat around a fire of coals shaken out of the cook's furnace, warming their fingers, and passing from lip to lip the *ghosa*, a water pipe, which sent up a cloud of smoke like the steam from an engine.

Selim's answers were favorable; and then the old gentleman attacked me, and the lady attacked John Steenburger in his most sensitive points. John is a host against Arabs, but a child among women.

"Mr. Steenburger!"

That was all she said. She did not think that I heard that, nor did he. He said nothing; but she knew where to hit him, and the tone of her voice and the glance of her eyes did the business.

"I say, Peter. It seems to me that our idea of going to Cyprus is rather wild."

"It wasn't my idea, John. You suggested, I opposed; you insisted, and I yielded."

"Ye-es." This was a view of the matter John had not taken, and he looked imploringly at Miss Grandison.

"You know I wanted to go to the Cedars, John."

"So you did; and I think we would do well to go."

"You forget that we sent all the heavy luggage from Damascus to Beyrout, with a letter to Mr. Heald, our most worthy banker there, requesting him to ship it to Alexandria by the Austrian steamer next Wednesday whether we were there or not."

CEDARS REMAINING ON LEBANON.

"So we did," and the thermometer in John's heart was at zero. His look was now pitiable.

Why should I hesitate to yield to the boy's whim? I have nothing to require my adherence to any fixed course. I am a waif, cast hither and thither over the earth's surface. Neither do I know nor does it matter whether I shall turn eastward to-morrow and enter the great Euphrates valley, or westward across the sea. Few travelers have so little to draw them homeward. I can scarcely, indeed, say that I have a home. The winds that make strange music among the trees over my old house do not miss the master, nor can any one suppose that in their voices there is any invitation for him to return. They lament the dead in the old church-yard, but they never knew me. From boyhood I have been a stranger in my own halls, and there is none to call me brother or friend in the Western country.

"The Alexandria steamer ought to reach Beyrout next Monday morning. Suppose we should send Selim with a letter to Mr. Heald, and let the Arab, with the baggage, go up the coast to Tripoli. We might, perhaps, join the steamer at Tripoli, and go on to Latakia or Alexandretta, and so to Antioch—I say, perhaps."

"Of course we could. Why didn't you say so before? Confound you, Peter, you know all the ways of all the steamers, and all the Arabs in the East, and one can't get a suggestion out of you, except at the end of a legion of objections to a proposition that you see through all the time. Of course we can do just so. Selim! Selim!"

The sheik sprang into the tent.

"Ya—ya—Howajji Pietro—Es Shem—Beyrout—el houssein egree—el vapori. Curse the Arab. Peter, talk to him, and tell him what you want!"

We shouted with laughter, and at length gave Selim his directions. The reader, by a glance at a map, will see what these were. To join the steamer at Tripoli was now our principal object, visiting the Cedars by the way being secondary. We accordingly devoted the forenoon to the ruins at Baalbec, and at mid-day we mounted, having previously dispatched the baggage. That night we camped on the eastern slope of Lebanon, and in the morning resumed our route over the mountains, reaching, toward evening, the hollow on the western slope where the cedars are found.

The trees which here remain, vast old trunks, are relics of years long gone, though hardly to be supposed relics of the days of Solomon. The mountains of Lebanon are, for the most part, destitute of trees. The cedars are all gone, unless a solitary tree here and there be an exception, and this small group of old settlers, which are melancholy relics, fast falling into decay. The glory of Lebanon has long ago departed.

I saw John sitting with Miss Grandison under the shadow of the oldest of the cedars as the twilight came on. He looked up at the white summit of a peak above us, where the snow yet lingered, and fell into a serious way of thinking, which I well knew was somewhat of this sort.

"These sudden changes of plan, and therefore of life, begin to affect me. Yesterday I did not think it difficult to change the route. To-day I see that in changing it I have changed my whole future. Had I gone back to Alexandria I should have passed a quiet autumn in Egypt, and then strolled homeward in the winter by way of Italy. But now— What is this English girl to me? She is beautiful, *certes;* but what is beauty to me? I am rich, and she is rich. I am a bachelor, and growing old. She is young, full of life, brilliant, and— Why does she look at me so with those large dark eyes of hers? She looks not so at my friend there. Her eyes tease, and pierce, and annoy, and laugh at him. At me she looks with a gentle, downward, winning look. By Jove, it can't be that I love this English girl! Hassan, my horse!" and so he mounted and rode away rapidly, the large eyes looking in astonishment at his abrupt departure, and he climbed the hill to the very edge of the snow-banks, and there dismounting, sat on a rock and looked west over the blue sea till the stars came out overhead, and one bright star sank, trembling, into the Mediterranean, where the sun had gone down, and the lights at Tripoli flashed out almost under his feet. Then, with a cooler forehead, he walked back, nearly breaking his neck a dozen times, and the eyes waited for him at the tent-door, and he don't precisely know how that evening passed.

The next day we rode down the mountains—a long day's ride—to Tripoli.

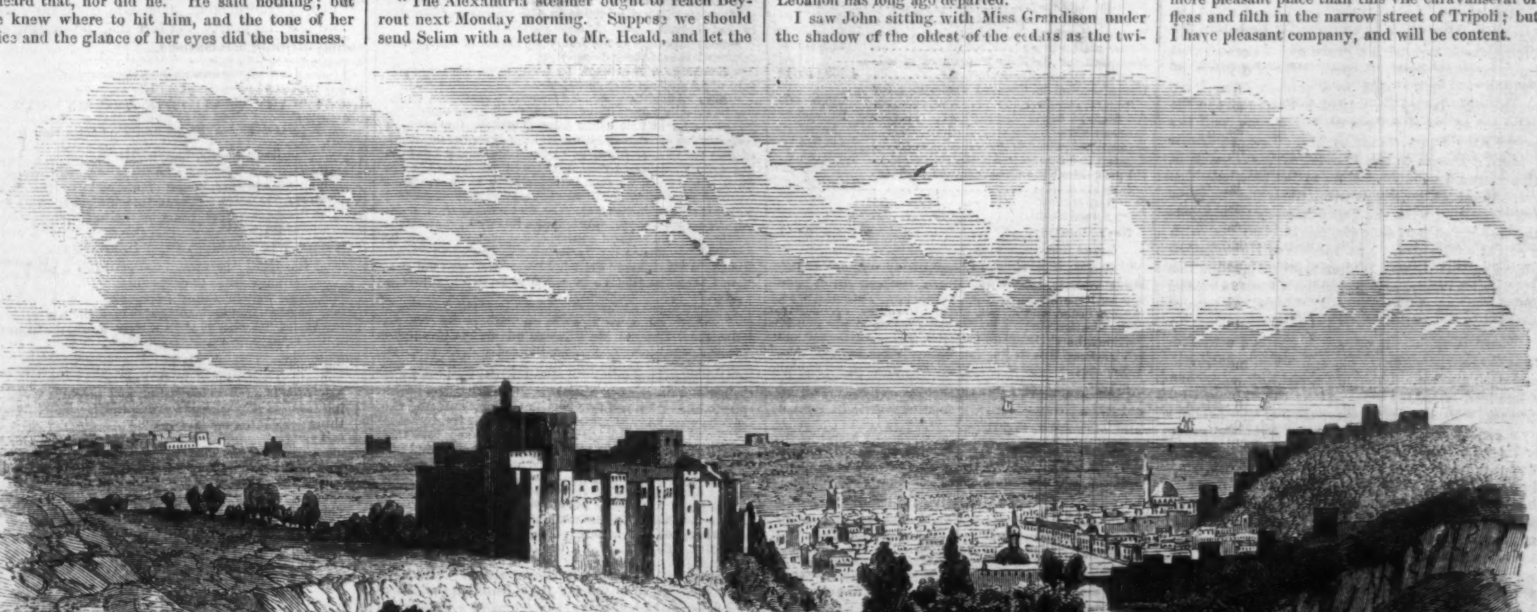
Never may man hope to see a lovelier valley than that of the Kadesha where Tripoli stands at its outlet on the sea. All that the world can furnish of the grand and beautiful unites here to make the place a paradise. Lofty mountains, sublime summits, resting on the blue sky, look down on a calm and peaceful valley where a stream wanders among dense groves and luxuriant gardens—now by a palace and now by the ruined castle of a crusader—now by a mosque and now by an old Dervish college, while the air, laden with perfume, and always lit with a serene sunshine, is an atmosphere of heaven.

Some day, when I am done with the world, I will come here and take one of these ruins on the bank of the Kadesha, and live out the rest of my time in glorious luxury—dreaming old dreams, recounting old stories, hearing old songs.

Then I shall have the time, which now I have not, to write you of the glory of Tripoli. How its walls, on a moony night, ring with the war-cries of brave men in brave days; how I trace the arms of Raymond of Toulouse here and there on ruined castle and fortification—for Raymond once possessed Tripoli as a fief; how the old legends tell grand histories of the knights of Tripoli.

For the present I must even now suspend this letter, if I would mail it to you by the next post. The package which it will go with leads you with me over a wide tract of sacred soil.

Now we leave the lands of Christ, and go to see those hallowed only by the footsteps of His apostles. I could wish my last days here passed in a more pleasant place than this vile caravanserai of fleas and filth in the narrow street of Tripoli; but I have pleasant company, and will be content.



TRIPOLI, ON THE MEDITERRANEAN.

LITERARY.

THE POETS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, selected and edited *by Rev. Robert Aris Willmott*, with English and American Additions arranged *by Evert A. Duyckinck*, Editor of the "Cyclopedia of American Literature." Illustrated by 132 Engravings, drawn by eminent Artists. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Here let the lover of splendid books pause content. Luxury of paper, type, and illustration, skill, taste, and art could not surpass this volume; and when this dress is the clothing of the gems of literature, the most exquisite thoughts of modern poetry, certainly the book-hunter may be satisfied with it. For a gift, in this season of gifts, for a never-wearying ornament of the drawing-room table, a never-failing source of entertainment to lovers of the beautiful in poetry or in art, a never-ceasing subject of conversation, and an unfailing suggester of pleasant thought and pleasant talk, this book has no rival.

The English editor gathered what he believed to be a fair representative volume of the poets of our day and age. His selection was admirable, as far as it went, but was eminently English. Mr. Duyckinck, with American eyes and taste, has added some exquisite selections from English authors which escaped the former editor, while he has enriched the book with choice *morceaux* from our own poets, whose songs are worthy to be in the same volume with the highest names of European poesy.

To the American editor we are indebted for the name of Motherwell, which had otherwise been omitted quite, and for "Jeannie Morrison," than which the language knows not a bit of sweeter pathos; so, too, for Moir, and his tearful "Casa-Wappy." Poor Moir! We wish that Americans knew him better; but he who reads this single poem will appreciate, in some degree, how pure a poet and how great a heart lies in the church-yard of Inveresk, by the side of the grave of that same little Casa-Wappy.

Here, too, Mr. Duyckinck has added "Florence Vane," by Philip Pendleton Cooke, most musical and mournful of all love stories in rhyme, in which one seems to hear daisies whispering, so delicate is its beauty; and Charles Fenno Hoffman's "Sparkling and Bright," cheeriest of glees, which, although thrice murdered by temperance and smoking parodies, is still most inspiriting of all wine songs of this day, and yet a sad reminder of the fate of our friend, who is past comfort or cheer for any praise we can bestow on his poetry; and here is Hoyt's "Snow" and Simms's "Blessings on Children," and—but we have no space to name one in a hundred, though, if by any chance one should pick up this book on a friend's table, it would not be impossible to chat for hours over its suggestive pages.

The illustrations of the work belong to a class of modern art which has lent new attractions to book publishing. The most eminent and skillful of artists find pleasure and an admirable field for exhibiting their powers in the realization with the pencil of the dreams of poets. Sculpture has long found its greatest triumphs in this field, and painting as well.

Millais, Pickersgill, Harvey, Gilbert, Casilear, Darley, and other well-known artists have used their pencils here with a grace and a success that leave nothing to be desired. The Prisoners of Chillon, chained "each to a column stone," are on the page before us. Inez de Castro sits in the splendor of royalty dead on her throne, and the proud King Pedro stands by her. You can dream "Hood's Dream in the Woods" almost as well in this pictured avenue of elms as in the windy forest. Maud Muller stoops to dip the water so gracefully that you wish she had other life than Whittier has given her, that she might bless you with a cup of cold water. The Torches of Hohenlinden gleam on this page. Walter Scott's Marmion lies dying on another, and Coleridge's Genevieve lies clasped in the close embrace of "Love" on yet another.

These illustrations are of a character to furnish food for thought. Each is a study in itself, and each a poem. There are something more than a hundred of these (132), and as the volume contains only six hundred pages, they of course occupy a considerable part of it. We leave the paper and typography to the examination of the reader. The volume is perhaps the most superb illustrated book of the day, depending as it does not on prettiness or brilliancy alone, but on those works of poetry and of art which are always permanent, not to say immortal, in value.

THE SAINT AND HIS SAVIOUR; or, the Progress of the Soul in the Knowledge of Jesus, *by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon*. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co.

Mr. Spurgeon's works follow one another in frequent succession. Heretofore we have seen nothing but sermons. We have here a complete book, evincing the same talent, the same terse, forcible style of expression, Calvinistic orthodoxy, and sincere desire to do good. The author has not much experience in book-making. This very inexperience adds freshness to his style. But it is very manifest that his chief success must be in the pulpit, where his delivery can give force to his brief and strong sentences.

The same publishers issue, in a small volume, Mr. Spurgeon's FAST-DAY SERMON, delivered in the Crystal Palace on the day of fasting with reference to India.

MIA AND CHARLIE; or, A Week's Holiday at Rydale Rectory, with Illustrations, *by Birket Foster*. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.

Notwithstanding the times, the Carters publish new volumes in rapid succession. This is a delicious little book of country life for the children, with illustrations in keeping with the character of the book—fresh and breezy to look at.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

MEETING OF CONGRESS.

CONGRESS met on Monday 7th inst.

On the 5th the Democratic caucus was held in the Hall of Representatives, and the following list of nominations made:

For Speaker	Mr. Orr, of South Carolina.
For Clerk	Mr. Allen, of Illinois.
For Postmaster	Mr. Cluskey, of Georgia.
For Doorkeeper	Mr. Hackney, of Virginia.
For Sergeant-at-Arms	Mr. Glossbrenner.

A fierce fight took place in the caucus on the subject of the nomination for printer, Messrs. Jones and Clemens, a new member accusing Mr. Wendell very freely of corruption. At the time we go to press the result of the caucus on this point is not known.

THE KANSAS QUARREL.

It is now generally understood that the Administration's views on the Kansas question are that the Kansas Convention, being in its nature a sovereign body, had an undoubted right to submit the Constitution to the people or not, as it might see fit, and that for Congress to insist upon the Convention adopting any particular course would be a direct intervention and in flagrant violation of the doctrine of popular sovereignty; that, independent of the only question of any importance, slavery is to be submitted to the people of Kansas: and that there is neither excuse nor justification in a refusal, therefore, to recognize the Lecompton Constitution and act upon it. This is in direct conflict with Governor Walker's position.

Governor Walker has had several interviews with the President on the subject, but finding it impossible to come to a satisfactory conclusion has gone back to Kansas. The Governor takes the ground that the Calhoun Constitution and the Convention which framed it are both outrages on the common sense and the good faith of the country, and should be instantly declared so, and pronounced null, void, and of no effect. It is believed that Senator Douglas and Mr. Richardson, the framers of the Nebraska law, the California Senators, and the bulk, if not the whole, of the northern Democracy, are disposed to takes sides with Governor Walker and against the President. But on this point many contradictory reports are afloat.

AN ADMINISTRATION AGENT IN KANSAS.

The Washington correspondent of the *Times* tells the following story:

"The agent of the Administration, who represented them in Kansas during the sitting of the Convention, was Henry L. Martin, a shrewd and intelligent Mississippian, then and now Clerk in the Interior Department under Secretary Thompson. Martin was constantly present at the Convention caucuses, and it was chiefly through his representations and influence that the Convention determined on only a partial submission of the Constitution to the people. As the agent of the Administration his credentials were strengthened by the fact that he was at the same time a clerk in the Government service, and his influence was paramount. Except for his interference, it is fully believed that the Judge Elmore party, who favored a free submission of the Constitution, would have triumphed.

"It was Martin's dispatch to Washington, also, which led the President and the *Union* to take their positions so early in favor of the Convention's action."

THE FINANCIAL PROSPECT.

Secretary Cobb will send in an appeal for Treasury note issues as soon as Congress organizes. A bill will probably be introduced at an earlier period of the session. The following estimate of the appropriations required for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1859, has already been made up by Secretary Cobb:

Foreign intercourse and miscellaneous, including the expenses of collecting the revenue from sales of public lands, public buildings, and expenses of courts	$9,090,603 92
To supply deficiencies in the revenue of the General Post-office	3,654,900 00
Pensions	769,500 00
Indian Department	1,437,104 49
Army proper, etc., including miscellaneous objects	14,076,619 49
Military Academy	182,804 00
Fortifications, ordnance, etc	3,485,113 00
Naval estimates	13,680,448 23
Steam mail service	935,850 00
Miscellaneous, including expenses of collecting revenue from Customs	4,809,910 14
Compensation to General Post-Office for mail service	700,000 00
Arming and equipping militia	200,000 00
Civilization of Indians	10,000 00
Interest on public debt	1,445,314 35
Foreign intercourse and miscellaneous	7,350,616 48
Interior Department.—Pensions and Indian	1,341,570 98
War Department	3,599,920 96
Navy Department	4,294,479 93
Grand total	$74,064,755 97

PERSONAL.

A Washington correspondent writes: "A gay winter is anticipated. The White House has been put in complete order, and an elegant conservatory, opening from the western side, will add to the attractions which Miss Lane (the President's niece) can present to her guests. Vice-President Breckinridge, with Senator Douglas, and Mr. Rice, of Minnesota, will occupy three large double-houses, which have been erected during the summer near the well-known house of Senator Douglas. Secretary Cass has taken the former residence of Governor Marcy and the adjoining house, which together will form a large establishment, over which his daughters preside. Assistant-Secretary Appleton occupies the house where Senator Brodhead lived last winter; Secretary Thompson is in the old Everett House; Secretary Black is where Caleb Cushing resided; Secretary Cobb has taken a large house on Lafayette Square. In short, all the members of government are so established that they can entertain their friends, and all possess ample means to do so. Many members of Congress will also keep house, and there will be weekly "hops" at the first-class hotels—so, with 'the noted, the gifted, the great, and the good,' we may expect the Flora M'Flimsy family in great numbers. Many Representatives will have 'nothing to say,' and many ladies will have 'nothing to wear.'"

Ex-President Pierce and lady arrived at Norfolk on 1st inst., and are the guests of T. L. Savage till the sailing of the *Powhatan*, which will take place in about a week.

Mrs. James M. French, daughter of the late Judge Vanderpool, and sister-in-law of Hon. John Van Buren, died at Albany last week.

Of Senator Sumner's appearance and health a Boston paper says:

"Mr. Sumner has gained very much by his travels, and his general health is all that can be desired. But we have been disappointed at learning that the injuries which he originally received still make themselves felt in a most important part of the system. The medical authorities in Europe and America, who have considered his case, concur that, with proper caution, his complete restoration is certain; but it will be the work of time, and may be entirely arrested by any premature exertion. The European authorities, among whom are some of the highest names of science, advised against his present return to the excitements of public action, and went so far as to say in a written opinion which we have read, that he did it at the 'peril of life.' Mr. Sumner's medical adviser in Boston, who has carefully considered his case since his return, is unwilling that he should take his seat in Congress at the present session, except with the understanding that he should content himself with the simplest discharge of his duties without any active participation in the public business. And this opinion of his immediate adviser has the concurrence of other distinguished members of the profession. Mr. Sumner, we understand, intends to be in his seat at the opening of Congress."

The Hon. R. M. T. Hunter has been invited to deliver the oration at the inauguration of the Washington statue on the 22d of February. The Hon. William C. Rives is his alternate. Mr. James Barron Hope and Mr. John R. Thompson have been requested to be the poets of the day, to precede and follow the oration.

Hon. N. P. Banks will take his seat in the United States House of Representatives, which meets next week, and hold it for a month, as the new State Government of Massachusetts, of which he will be chief, can not come into existence until the 6th of January next. His resignation from Congress will take effect on the 1st of January.

Lieutenant Derby (John Phœnix), Topographical Engineers, recently arrived at Mobile, is suffering from an acute disorder of the eyes, which it is feared may destroy the sight entirely.

It is rumored that Senator Bates, of Delaware, will resign, and that Mr. Comegys, the former incumbent, will be appointed by the Governor. The Legislature is elected in that State every two years.

Colonel George Barstow has arrived in this city from the northern part of Minnesota, and reports that the grasshoppers or locusts, which made such ravages in the wheat-fields the past season, left in August without depositing their eggs, and no apprehensions are felt about their return; that the Indians, now mostly removed to the outskirts of the Territory, are peaceable, and that the farmers, hopeful and joyful, are preparing to sow large quantities of wheat the ensuing spring.

Rev. Dr. Chandler, of Greenfield, Massachusetts, on Thanksgiving Day asked his people to diminish his salary $100 the present year, in view of the hard times; he said he could live upon less than he now received. His salary was $400.

James Copeland, sentenced to death at Augusta, Mississippi, for the murder of J. A. Harvey, has been in the county jail ten years, but staved off his sentence by legal technicalities, only to perish by the hangman at last.

Dr. C. T. Jackson is in luck. The King of Prussia has sent him another order, that of "Chevalier of the Red Eagle," in acknowledgment of his merits in the discovery of anæsthetic agents. The cross of this order is Maltese, of solid silver, enameled, suspended to white ribbon, bordered with crimson.

We learn that the Vice-President, John C. Breckinridge, left his home on Friday last on his way to Baton Rouge, with his family, the health of Mrs. B. requiring a change of climate. The Vice-President will be in Washington a few days after the session opens, it being the custom to allow the Senate to be opened by the President *pro tem.*

The Rev. Isaac S. Kallock, the Baptist clergyman about whose conduct so much scandal was once afloat, has resigned his pastorate of the Tremont Temple, to take effect in three months. He intends to enter upon the practice of the law, for which profession he has been fitting himself.

The Greenfield (Massachusetts) *Gazette* says, that Charles H. Goodwin, formerly an engineer in A. K. Spooner & Co.'s blind factory in that place, goes to England in the next steamer to look after an estate of $560,000 left to himself, his father, and his aunt, by a brother of his father lately deceased at London.

The Hon. A. B. Williams, Senator-elect from the Cayuga and Wayne District, is seriously ill.

Two Methodist ministers in North Carolina, Messrs. Edwards and Rosser, have been "disciplined" for indulgence in the game of ten-pins at the Virginia Springs last summer. They pleaded guilty, expressed regret for the act, stated that they were not conscious of intention to do wrong, and promised not to do so any more. The Conference which tried them, in session at Elizabeth City, accepted the acknowledgment and permitted them to continue their functions.

The Mayor of Covington, Kentucky, and the President of the Board of Council of that city had a regular set-to in the Council Chamber on the 26th ult., caused by an overheated debate. They both got the best of it, and were each fined $2 50 next day by a Justice, as an adequate punishment for disturbing the peace and quiet of the good city of Covington.

Forrest's suit against Wheatley of the Arch Street Theatre in Philadelphia, to restrain him from the production of "Jack Cade," is again before the Courts. A letter is produced from Judge Conrad, author of the play, written in 1852, requesting permission from Forrest to publish it in a volume of his poems. Forrest did not comply with this request, claiming, as now, full ownership of the manuscript. The price paid was $1000.

William Russell, the London *Times's* Crimean correspondent, is on his way to join the army in Hindostan, whence he will write letters on the progress of the war to that journal.

A newspaper gives the following sketch of our prominent artists and their doings:

"Huntington is at work in London, on his large picture of 'American Men of Science.'

"Near by Huntington's lodgings at Kensington Cropsey has a small house, and his studio is often visited by Ruskin, who at first could scarcely believe the brilliant combinations in this artist's autumnal sketches were other than the exaggerations of 'Young America;' but having proved Cropsey's rare fidelity, by watching his English landscapes, he now believes fully in the radiant truth of his transatlantic studies. Darley is domiciled with his sisters on the Delaware, and hard at work making the most accurate, spirited, and finished illustrations for the new and elegant edition of Cooper's novels—to be published in the spring by Stringer & Townsend. William M. Hunt, whose 'French Flower Girl' was the gem of last year's exhibition here, has gone to Fayal for the winter."

N. R. Stimson, editor and proprietor of the *Day Book*, died suddenly last week, while on his way to Cypress Hills, Long Island. Mr. Stimson was on his way home in the Long Island cars when the sad occurrence took place. He entered the cars full of life and health, but had not proceeded on his journey more than a mile when the hand of death came upon him. The conductor of the train saluted him just previous to the cars entering the tunnel—when they emerged at the other side the deceased was found sitting lifeless in his seat. It is supposed that disease of the heart was the cause of his sudden and untimely demise.

A young woman in Milford, Connecticut, recently answered a matrimonial advertisement in a New York paper, in sport, but a reply came speedily, and as she took it from the Post-office she made the acquaintance of the advertiser, one Victor Bard, who went up to Milford with his letter. Bard cultivated the acquaintance, got himself puffed in the local paper as a literary man, lecturer, etc., and the day was fixed for his marriage with the girl, when news came on the eve of the wedding that Bard was arrested as a swindler and bigamist. The young lady is disconsolate.

Mr. Randolph Rogers has been appointed by the Commissioners of the Washington Monument to construct the remaining statues of that great work, and to complete the monument. The original plan of the eagles upon the six lowest pedestals has been changed. The birds are discarded, and shields, with appropriate devices, will be substituted in their places.

The officer who pulled General Jackson's nose in public when he was President has been appointed by the present Administration Superintendent of the Arsenal at Washington. Thus modern Democracy not only insults the memory of the old hero by adopting the principles of his enemies, but by warming with place the hand that struck him.

Governor Chase has purchased the beautiful residence of Dr. Carter, opposite the Starling Medical College, and intends to occupy it as soon as the workmen can put it in complete repair. The price paid for it was $11,000, about two-thirds of its original cost. The Governor, who is a widower, has purchased the cage; the name of the bird that will adorn it is not known.

Herman Melville lectured before a charity association at Lawrence, Massachusetts, on Monday of last week, and again at Concord the next evening. On the 4th instant he spoke before the Mercantile Library Association at Boston.

Leading citizens of Albany have tendered a complimentary testimonial to Dr. C. H. F. Peters, the astronomer, on the occasion of the dissolution of his connection with the Dudley Observatory.

Colonel John C. Frémont, with his family, were at the Revere House, Boston, last week.

The widow of Commander Herndon has just received from the agency in this city of the New England Mutual Life Insurance Company, of Boston, $5000 on a policy signed only a year since.

The Legislature of South Carolina, on 30th ult., elected ex-Governor Hammond United States Senator from South Carolina.

INTERESTING NEWSPAPER CELEBRATION.

The proprietors of the Newburyport *Herald* intend celebrating the seventy-fifth anniversary of their weekly paper, and the twenty-fifth of their daily, on the 17th of January—on the anniversary of Franklin's birthday. They propose calling together every living printer who served an apprenticeship in their office, and every editor or prominent contributor. The list embraces the names of quite a number of distinguished gentlemen who now honor the various professions of life. An oration will be pronounced by an eminent statesman, and the occasion will be one of great interest.

THE MATRIMONIAL BUSINESS IN NEW YORK.

Since the fashionable season was first imported, New York, at the commencement of it, has never been in so deeply blue a condition as at the present time. Matrimony in the highest circles has really almost suspended—scarcely any marriages taking place in "high life," and the few conducted in the quietest possible manner. "Brown's" occupation is gone. No longer is he seen reclining in portly majesty behind his beautiful bay, as it dashes up to one aristocratic mansion after another, delivering, through the medium of the driver, the delicately-written and perfumed billets which raise one-half of the fashionable to the summit of bliss, while the other is reduced to the depths of despair. No longer is the clear blast of his silver whistle heard, as it proclaims to the gay inmates of elegant brown-stone fronts that another licensed and properly-accredited member is about to be added to the charmed circle. No large entertainments, or even select réunions, have as yet taken place—the ladies all being busy in providing for home necessities, or looking after the wants of the destitute.

A WHALE RUN DOWN BY A SHIP.

On the last trip of the steamer *Columbia* from Oregon, an unusual number of the species of whale known as "humpback," were observed sporting in the neighborhood of Humboldt Bay, as only monsters of the deep can sport. The steamer, with wind and steam fair in her tail, was running at the rate of ten or twelve knots an hour, when, says a passenger, a huge whale raised to blow within half a rod of the ship's prow, its body lying at right angles with her course of sailing. Full thirty feet of the monster's back must have been exposed, and all were expecting an old fashioned

"Crash, the cruel coulter passed out through thy cell,"

when Mr. Fish sank almost like lead, but not quick enough to "save his bacon," for he was not at sufficient depth to be out of reach of the ship's keel. When the fish rose the water for some distance around was crimsoned with its blood. Though with diminished force, the ship struck with great violence, turning the monster completely on its beam ends, in which position it came to the surface, on the larboard side, and just in time to receive another severe "thump" from the steamer's paddle. But it was not killed, for it was seen making its way toward the land some moments after.

A SAD CASE OF INSANITY.

A Cincinnati paper says: "Wednesday evening an interesting case of insanity was brought to our notice by a gentleman who came up on the cars from Cleveland. It was but a singular aberration of mind, from no seeming cause whatever beyond the most trivial. The subject was a fine-appearing girl of eighteen or twenty, whose parents and friends reside in Kentucky, some thirty or forty miles back from the river. The young lady had been spending a couple of months with friends between Columbus and Cleveland. While there she became very much attached to a mocking bird. The bird sickened and died, and soon after the young lady began to show symptoms of derangement, bewailed the loss of the bird most piteously, and finally became so mentally excited at times that her friends concluded to send her back to her home with an attendant. She was put on board, and while on her way up contrived to open a vein in her arm with the sharp point of a pair of scissors, from which the blood flowed freely. The lady attempted to stab herself in the side with the scissors, but in consequence of the thickness of her clothing, the flesh was scarcely penetrated and the wound but slight. On her arrival the young lady was met by her friends and crossed to Kentucky."

ARREST OF A BOLD MAIL ROBBER.

A most important arrest took place in New Haven on Sunday evening for extensive mail robberies committed within a few weeks past.

After a good deal of watching and careful investigation, it was believed that Springfield was one of the points selected by the robber for his bold operations, but it was not until Sunday night, the 22d ult., that any discoveries were made at that locality. The trains from New York and Boston meet there, and it was observed that the mail-car from New York was sometimes left for a few moments without lights or fastenings. On the night in question, Mr. Holbrook and Mr. Clark, of the New York Post-office, were on the train, in disguise, on its arrival at Springfield; and just as the lights were withdrawn from the baggage or mail car, took up their position therein near the mails, and ready for any emergency, naturally supposing that the robber, his deeds being evil, preferred darkness rather than light. A moment's suspense, and footsteps were heard near the car and upon the platform. In an instant the door opened and the expected visitor entered and instantly struck a match, ostensibly with which to light a cigar already "in position," but really no doubt to see if all was right. During the momentary light from the aforesaid match, it is difficult to determine which had the advantage, Uncle Sam's men or the lucifer match adventurer; but believing that the latter would have the best of it unless something was done speedily, Holbrook (intending to pass himself and companion off as *bona fide* passengers just stepping into the baggage car for a "smoke"), coolly says to his assistant, "Tom, where's that good cigar you offered me?" To which "Tom" immediately responded by handing out the cigar. Before even this was accomplished, the match had done its worst on both sides, the watchers and the watched. "Give me a light if you please!" says Holbrook to the supposed mail robber, whereupon the favor was instantly granted, and both were smoking away, thus far equally in the dark. Presently the train began to move, and the stranger moved too, jumping off while it was in motion.

HOW HE WAS CAUGHT.

Farther exertions resulted in ascertaining the name and locality of this agreeable traveler, and a close watch was set upon all his movements, and every preparation made for his detection if he repeated the robberies. Just before the train left New York on Sunday evening (2[illegible]th ult.) he arrived at the dépôt in Twenty-seventh Street, but the special agent had arrived before him, and taken a position in the baggage mail-car where he could both hear and see without being seen or heard. On this occasion, as had often happened before, the baggage of the suspected party consisted of a large trunk, which he declined to have marked for any particular point, saying that if he met a gentleman at Springfield, where the trains meet, he should return to New York that night. "All right!" says the baggage-master, and the aforesaid trunk was placed by itself, where it could readily be controlled by the final decision of its owner.

Before reaching Stamford he again appeared in the baggage-car, where he was purposely left alone for a few moments while "wooding up," and the opportunity was improved by transferring the New Orleans mail-pouch from its proper place to the trunk of uncertain destination. Becoming subsequently alarmed at an unguarded yet trivial movement of the conductor, and being left alone for a moment while the hands were "breaking up," he as dexterously removed the deposits from the trunk back to their former position.

The rest of the story can be told in a few words. At the dépôt in New Haven Mr. H. came out from his close quarters and at once arrested William S. Tuckerman as the author of all these bold mail robberies. Upon his person and in his valise were found the most overwhelming evidences that no mistake had been made in the man, and he was soon after committed to jail.

The trunk referred to and its fixtures bear the strongest proofs of having been prepared for the illegal purposes to which it was put on this occasion, having a peculiar lock to admit of its being opened without the slightest inconvenience or noise of a key, and the valise which was found inside containing heavy iron weights, lest the lightness of the trunk at one point and heaviness at another, after receiving the mails, should attract attention and lead to suspicion.

A BOY EATEN BY A BEAR.

A Kentucky paper says: "We were horrified to learn that a young negro boy of John Stewart, Esq., who lives about ten miles from town, while out a short distance from the house after cows, was seized upon and eaten up by a bear. This is the first instance that we have heard of any of the numerous number of bears that now infest this neighborhood showing any disposition to attack any one.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

SECOND FAILURE TO LAUNCH THE LEVIATHAN.

A SECOND attempt was made to launch the leviathan steamer, *Great Eastern*, on November 19, but it proved a failure; it being found impossible to move her. The four hydraulic presses were brought to bear on the ship with full force, which failing to start her, all hands were set to work on the capstans and land-purchases o heave her off by chains, but one of the chains gave way, which put an end to the operations. The effort was not to regularly launch her, but to move the vessel some forty feet lower down. Another attempt will be made in a few days, with a further improvement in appliances. The public are now kept in ignorance as to the movements of those having the superintendence of launching her.

THE MONETARY PANIC.

The panic does not appear to have yet altogether subsided. The demands upon the Bank for accommodation are still enormous. It is understood that Messrs. George Peabody & Co. have received aid to the amount of a million sterling, and Messrs. Overend Gurney to as much more. In London, at latest date, consols were steadier than they had been during the week previous, but the pressure for money was unabated, and it was believed by some that the Bank of England would advance its rate of discount to 11 per cent. The crisis was severely felt in the manufacturing districts, and many hands, especially in the cotton branch, were out of employment. We hear of riots at Nottingham, but they were not attended with any serious consequences. In Ireland the panic had subsided. Several additional failures are reported by the *Baltic*, but no first-class house.

HOW THE INDIAN HEROES ARE REWARDED.

The honors to be conferred on the Indian generals are officially recorded in the London *Gazette*. Sir John Lawrence is appointed Knight Grand Cross of the Bath; General Havelock, Knight Commander of the Bath; and Generals Wilson, Van Courtlandt, and Chamberlain, Companions of the Bath. Generals Havelock and Wilson are to be made baronets.

FEMALE SLAVERY IN ENGLAND.

Peter Rumph, a German, was charged at the Wakefield Police Court, the other day, with assaulting a girl named Marguerite Hoyler, also a native of Germany. The evidence which was elicited disclosed the system of bad usage to which itinerant musicians are subjected by their masters. About six months ago Rumph had brought the complainant over from Germany, where she was "bound" to him for three years, for the purpose of playing a piano about the streets, with the understanding that she was to receive £12 at the expiration of her apprenticeship—he in the mean time undertaking to provide her with food and clothing. It now appeared that the food consisted of two meals a day—a miserable breakfast at seven o'clock in the morning, and a like meal when the girl came home at twelve o'clock at night. The latter meal, however, was dependent on the girl bringing enough of money home to satisfy the cupidity of her employer. If this was not the case he was in the habit of savagely beating her. On the 6th ultimo the girl stated that she went home, and her master not being satisfied with her day's earnings, he attacked her in a furious manner, knocked her down, kicked her, stripped her of her clothes, shoes, and stockings, and, taking a knife, said he would kill her. He was ill-using her for nearly two hours, when he turned her into the street, almost in a state of nudity. He was fined £1, or in default to be committed for a month to the House of Correction.

A DEATH-STRUGGLE FOR A KISS.

An inquest was held at the office of Mr. Blackburn, borough coroner, Leeds, upon the body of Joseph Macdonald, an Irishman, aged 21, who lost his life in attempting to steal a kiss. The deceased lodged with James Rhodes, at Camp-field, and on Friday afternoon, between five and six o'clock, while he was sitting at tea with the family and a fellow-lodger, a girl aged 15, named Bridget M'Carthy, entered. Some conversation took place between the deceased and the girl, in the course of which he declared that he would have a kiss. She told him he should not, whereupon he got up and seized her by the waist, and a struggle ensued. Unfortunately the cellar-door was open, and in the struggle both fell down the steps, at the bottom of which the deceased alighted upon his head. The girl, who was uppermost, was very little hurt, and the deceased, though a good deal injured, was not insensible. Medical aid was not called in, and the deceased went to bed as usual with his fellow-lodger, who, on awaking at five o'clock next morning, found the deceased dead and cold by his side. The jury, without a medical examination of the body, returned a verdict of "accidental death."

CHARLES DICKENS ON SCHOOLS.

At a recent School-anniversary Dinner, at London, Mr. Charles Dickens, as Chairman, said, among other things:

"I don't like—to begin with, and to begin, like charity, at home—I don't like the sort of school to which I once went myself, the respected proprietor of which was by far the most ignorant man I ever had the pleasure to know—one of the worst-tempered men, perhaps, that ever lived—whose business it was to make as much out of us, and put as little into us, as possible, and who sold us in a figure which I remember we used to delight to estimate as amounting to exactly £2 4s. 6d. per head. I don't like that sort of school, because I don't see what business the master had to be at the top of it instead of the bottom, and because I never could understand the wholesomeness of the moral preached on the abject appearance and degraded condition of his teachers, who plainly said to us by their looks every day of their lives, 'Boys, never be learned; whatever you are, above all things be warned from that in time by our sunken cheeks, by our pimply noses, by our meagre diet, by our acid beer, and by our extraordinary suits of clothes, of which no human being can say whether they are snuff-colored turned black, or black turned snuff-colored—a point upon which we ourselves are perfectly unable to offer any ray of enlightenment, it is so very long since they were undarned and new.' I do not like that sort of school, because I never yet lost my ancient suspicion touching that curious coincidence that the boy with four brothers to come always got the prizes. In fact, and in short, I do not like that sort of school which is a pernicious and abominable humbug altogether."

ON LADIES' SCHOOLS.

On ladies' schools, he said:

"Again, ladies and gentlemen, I don't like that sort of school—a ladies' school—with which the other schools used to dance on Wednesdays—where the young ladies, as I look back upon them now, seem to me to have always been in new stays and disgrace—the latter concerning a place of which I know nothing at this day, that bounds Timbuctoo on the northeast, and where memory always depicts the youthful enthraller of my first affection as forever standing against a wall, in a curious machine of wood, which confined her innocent feet in the first dancing position, while those arms which should have encircled my jacket—those precious arms, I say, were pinioned behind her by an instrument of torture called a back-board, fixed in the manner of a double-direction-post."

ATROCIOUS IRISH OUTRAGE.

A letter from Limerick says: "An atrocious outrage was perpetrated on Saturday night at Bushy-park Retreat upon the person of Dr. Peppard, proprietor of the private lunatic asylum in that locality. The Doctor, with his three daughters, had been in Limerick during the day, and traveled home the same evening on their own car, which was driven by a servant. Bushy-park is situated on the banks of the Lower Shannon, and distant about eighteen miles from this city. There is a long avenue leading from the royal road to his residence, and, according to authentic information, it appears that the vehicle had not reached far up the avenue, when three armed men leaped from behind the hedge-fence and seized the bridle-reins, immediately staying the progress of the horse. It was dark at the time, and while one held the horse the other two fellows rushed to the side where Dr. Peppard was sitting, dragged him off, and beat him in a most brutal manner with guns. The servant man was also pulled from his seat, and treated with great severity, being badly maimed in several parts of the body. The terror of the young ladies upon the occasion may be imagined rather than described, at seeing their father so cruelly treated. They shrieked aloud for help, but the ruffians did not leave off beating both their victims until they thought them dead. It appears the attack was well planned, as the fellows removed a bar-gate from one of the passages, and placed it on the ground in front of where they lay in wait, with the view of upsetting horse and car; but Providence interposed to avert such a calamity, else the ladies might have been killed. The horse boldly stepped over the obstruction. I learn that Dr. Peppard is in a most dangerous state, under medical treatment, and his servant equally bad. What led to this audacious outrage, I have not as yet been able to ascertain; but one of the keepers recently discharged from the Doctor's private asylum has been arrested as a principal."

MORE ABOUT THE MILLIONNAIRE.

Of the famous millionnaire, Morrison, who died the other day, a letter-writer says: "Mr. Morrison retired from active business several years since, without withdrawing his capital from the mercantile house; and though managing his vast funds himself up to the time of his death with all the sagacity of earlier days, he has for the last three years been possessed with the idea that he should come to want. More than two years ago he commenced doing day-labor upon a farm held by one of his tenants, for which he received twelve shillings a week, and this he continued up to the time of his illness. For the last eighteen months he had been a regular applicant for relief to the parish, assembling twice a week with the town paupers at the door of the 'Union,' and received with each one of them his two shillings and a quarter loaf. His friends have indulged him in these fancies on the ground that it was the best choice of two evils. The truth is, money was his god, and the idea became at last too great for him, and broke him down. And yet he is said to have made a most judicious will, and his investments up to the last are characterized by great good sense. The probate duty on his will exceeds £100,000."

FRANCE.

NOBLE STOCK-GAMBLERS.

The *Spectateur* of Paris lately published a *feuilleton* containing the following:

"And apropos of this, they say that the forest of Compiegne [a palace where the Court is passing the hunting season] presents a singular spectacle when the chase is over. The mort is sounded; it is four o'clock; the huntsmen return triumphant; a numerous troop of guests prance along the avenues. Suddenly one of the horsemen looks at his watch, puts spurs to his steed, and dashes down a side alley at breakneck speed. Another sees and imitates him, and another; a fourth follows; then all start at a dead run for the town. It is a veritable steeple-chase in which diplomats, gentlemen of leisure, distinguished strangers, and all those noble guests who fill the forest with the reverberations of their horses' hoofs, take eager part. They choose the shortest cuts, jump ditches and hedges, and rush into the town of Compiegne like a squadron of hussars charging on a battle-field. Whither are they going at such reckless rate, like the phantom hunters of the old legend?

"Bless your innocence, they are going to the *Hôtel de la Cloche*. Not in quest of a dinner, for the Chateau of Compiegne offers them a most sumptuous one gratis. They go in quest of the quotations of the Bourse. They all enter pell-mell. There young brokers await them, note-book in hand, and now begins a tumult of questions and answers.

"How is the *rente?* The Mobilier? Up or down? How much? Did you sell my Orleans? Are the Austrians firm? [Railway shares.] All sorts of shares and values are discussed and passed in review; the talk is of profits and losses, of sales and purchases; and then the huntsmen return to the palace; their thoughts are less upon the stag than the bears.

"At ten o'clock next morning they return one by one to the *Hôtel de la Cloche*, where the same brokers await them, and write down their orders for the Bourse of the day.

"That is what is called *playing* at the Bourse!"

For this bit of pleasantry, the Minister of the Interior served an *avertissement* on the writer and the newspaper in which it appeared.

THE LATE DUCHESS OF NEMOURS.

The *Débats* publishes the following sad particulars of the last moments of her Royal Highness the Duchess of Nemours, extracted from a letter from Claremont: "On the 10th, at nine in the morning, it pleased God to send the august Queen this fresh trial. The Duchess of Nemours felt herself much better than she had done since her confinement, and felt quite happy at the thought of getting up that day for the first time. Her children had just been brought in to her, and her maid was combing her hair, when she suddenly exclaimed, '*Ah, mon Dieu!*' and fell forward. The Duke was called up stairs and medical assistance summoned, but all hopes were at an end. I omit some further details of the harrowing scenes which followed, and will only say that every Englishman will be gratified to learn that the kindness and sympathy of our own gracious sovereign did much to assuage the intensity of the feelings of the august exiles. A *post mortem* examination was made, and it appears that the death of the unfortunate Princess was caused by an almost unprecedented accident in obstetrics. A clot of blood made its way into the pulmonary artery, and caused instantaneous death. It is said there is only one similar case on record, which likewise terminated fatally—that of Madame Bethizy, who died in 1842."

THE EMPRESS'S FETE.

The *fête* day of the Empress taking place on Sunday, the bands of the National Guard of Compiegne, of the 2d Regiment of Voltigeurs, and of the 2d Cuirassiers of the Imperial Guard, assembled at an early hour in the morning, and played a salute under the windows of her Majesty. At one o'clock the Emperor reviewed the troops of the garrison in the park of the palace. The Empress and the Prince Imperial, surrounded by the officers and ladies of their household, and all the persons now on a visit at the palace, were at the windows of the State apartments during the review and the filing off of the troops, which took place amidst loud cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" "Vive l'Impératrice!" "Vive le Prince Imperial!" At nine o'clock in the evening a display of fire-works, organized by the authorities and at the expense of the town, took place in the park. In the course of the afternoon her Majesty sent a sum of two thousand francs to the Mayor to be distributed to the poor.

STATE OF TRADE IN FRANCE.

A Paris paper says: "Some houses, obliged to dispose of their goods to meet their engagements, make up their minds to sell at a loss, and force their competitors to follow their example or not sell at all . . . . . The houses of the Rue St. Denis [cloths and silks] have been obliged to sell, the past week, at great loss. Retail trade in all branches is dull . . . . . Parisian dealers have entirely ceased purchasing of the manufacturer. The advices received from manufacturers in the provinces are very bad. At Lyons, St. Etienne, in Alsatia, at Rouen, Elbœuf, and Roubaix, [silks, cottons, and woolens], a great number of looms are stopped, and workmen's wages are reduced . . . . . Meantime the commercial world has thus far borne the pressure admirably. But few failures are announced, and they are mostly of small importance. This is owing to the extreme caution observed for a long time in French commerce. Neither manufactories nor stores are encumbered with goods, and most of our merchants have avoided giving long credits.

ANOTHER TERRIBLE OUTRAGE.

A country paper has the following: "Two days ago the gardener of the Viscount de P——, residing at St. Ay, close to the gates of Orleans, while digging a hole in the court-yard, near the kitchen-window, discovered at a depth of only two feet from the surface, the body of a young girl, with the head cut off and laid on the breast. One arm and a thigh were broken, evidently at the time the body was buried. The court in which the body was found is completely surrounded with buildings, which leads to the belief that the crime must have been perpetrated several years ago. The Procureur Imperial went immediately to the spot to inquire into the facts, and to have the body carefully taken up. All kinds of reports have been in circulation on the subject, but nothing whatever to clear up the mystery has yet transpired."

OMAR PACHA'S WIFE IN TROUBLE.

Several journals having announced the presence in Paris of the divorced wife of Omar Pacha, the following details of her career are given by the *Patrie*: "She was born at Reps, in Transylvania, and was sent at the age of eleven to one of the best boarding-schools in Bucharest. Some lessons on the piano developed wonderful musical powers, and at the age of fifteen she possessed a remarkable talent on that instrument. It was at that period that Omar Pacha, who was then the military commandant of Wallachia, met the young lady at a *soirée*, and being very fond of music fell in love with her, and subsequently married her. She was then compelled to submit to Mussulman habits; the Christian became quite a Khanoun (Turkish woman), never left the house except vailed and attended, but, contrary to Oriental habits, accompanied her husband in his warlike expeditions. She was greatly delighted with the glory of his arms, and composed triumphal marches, which were played by the Turkish regiments when in battle. The only child born from this marriage having died from an accident, Omar Pacha hoped by a new union to have an heir, and perhaps also to attach himself to the old Turkish party, and he therefore demanded in marriage the daughter of Hafiz Pacha, its chief. 'Remain in the harem,' he said to his wife, but she was too proud to accept a condition so unworthy of her, and demanded a divorce, which was granted, and she has come to seek an honorable asylum in France. This lady is only about twenty-three years of age."

MISHAPS OF FEROUK KHAN.

The Persian Embassador Extraordinary is still residing in Paris; failing to create a sensation in the capital, he now and then condescends to astonish the provincials. A few days ago he visited Rheims, where he met with great success. He was invited to a grand concert, was introduced to the Cardinal Archbishop, and was cheered by the mob. A laughable scene occurred at the railway station, where carriages had been sent to meet the noble Persian and his suite. These carriages had, however, been constructed in an anti-Persian sense; that is, no room had been left for the high-peaked head-dresses of these interesting foreigners. The consequence was, that, on entering the vehicles, the face of the Embassador and the faces of his suite disappeared under these gigantic hats, to the intense amusement of the spectators. The coachmen were at once stopped, the heads of the carriages drawn up, and the dignified appearance of the visitors then restored.

AN AMERICAN LIONESS.

A Paris paper says: "There is a great deal said about the forthcoming arrival of a rich American and his daughter, the beautiful Cecilia R—on. Mrs. Cecilia R—on is a splendid beauty; she is twenty-eight years of age, and a widow. Her husband, one of the richest inhabitants of New York, was killed three years ago by a railway accident. Being rich on her father's side, as also by the inheritance of her husband, Mrs. Cecilia is perhaps the best match in the United States. But she hates the Americans, and, teased by their courtships, and weary of dragging always behind her a retinue of Yankees, she comes to live in Paris. She will open her house this winter, and give splendid entertainments. Mrs. Cecilia is sumptuously fashionable. She spends at her toilet a budget exceeding that of the largest city of France, Paris excepted. Her expenses are computed by millions. She has already been three times in Paris, but only stopped here a few weeks to make purchases which she did not want to intrust to any body. She bought each time so many things, so many hats, so many dresses, so many shawls, so many laces, so many gloves, so many shoes, that people could not believe that all those goods were for her own use, in the Parisian stores, where she is well known. She has always been thought to be the owner of a large *maison de nouveautés* of New York."

AMERICAN EXTRAVAGANCE ABROAD.

The same writer adds:

"The luxury of the American ladies is unheard-of (*inouï*). Nothing is more common than to see an American lady traveling with baggage varying from twenty to fifty packages. Three or four ladies are enough to load a ship. In any other part of the world there is not a princess, not a queen who travels with such a train (*attirail*). While the French and English ladies have city toilets more simple and more modest when they are out walking, the American ladies would blush at that simplicity of good taste; they like to sweep the sidewalks with sumptuous silk dresses, with dresses of *moiré*, *damas brochés*, or velvet, costing more than a thousand francs, and which are only worn here in a parlor or in a carriage.

"One can judge by that of the luxury of Mrs. Cecilia R—on's toilet. In New York she bears the reputation of being the most fashionable lady of the United States, and of spending the most money for her toilet. Rarely does she wear a dress three times, even be it of velvet embroidered with pearls. She never wore one four times. The luxury of Mrs. Cecilia R—on is such that an American poet, who has remained anonymous, but is believed to be Mr. Butler, of New York, has written a poem about her under the title of 'Nothing to Wear; an Episode of Fashionable Life.'"

SPAIN.

HOW BANDITS OPERATE IN SPAIN.

Seven bandits, armed with blunderbusses, invaded the village of Gallerino on Sunday, the 8th ult., when all the inhabitants were attending divine service, and locked them up in the church, threatening to murder any one who should attempt to leave. They then summoned the sister of the parish priest, and made her unlock the door of his house. This house they completely pillaged, and they did the same in the houses of two or three of the wealthier inhabitants, after which they made off with their booty. The inhabitants having been released from the church by the priest's sister, armed themselves with guns, scythes, pitchforks, and clubs, and going in pursuit of the bandits, overtook them near the villages of Manzaneres and Villarejo, some of the inhabitants of which joined the pursuers. A regular combat ensued, and, from the blunderbusses of the bandits, it was not without danger for the peasants, though they were far the more numerous. One of the peasants, having approached too near, was shot dead. At length the bandits, having exhausted their ammunition, and having been all more or less wounded, were secured, and were lodged in jail.

INDIA.

INCIDENTS OF THE CAPTURE OF DELHI.

An officer writes: "We are getting on capitally; we have got the King—the great Mogul—prisoner, and are only waiting for leave from Calcutta to hang him. His eldest son and heir, Mizza Mogul Beg, a most infernal scoundrel, who set the example of murdering the Europeans, was caught and shot like a dog, and his son, a man of about twenty years old, as well as the King's second son, Mizza's brother. I saw all the three bodies exposed in the Kotwallie this morning. I am happy to say we are not so lenient as we were. Two of our native sappers were murdered in the city, so we went out and hunted up about fifty or sixty men—thorough rascals, and our men have been shooting them ever since. I saw twenty-four knocked over, all tied together against the walls; and when you hear these wretches, when they see they have no chance, coolly tell you, 'Well, you may shoot me if you like; I killed three Europeans in the glorious massacre,' you lose all horror at the sight, and only wish they had cats' lives to take them all. Only four Victoria crosses have yet been given in the army—one to Lieutenant Home, engineers; one to Lieutenant Salkeld, engineers: one to Sergeant Smith, sappers and miners; and one to a bugler in Her Majesty's 52d. So you see we got three out of the four in our corps. Poor Salkeld is so badly wounded I am afraid he will never wear his. However, the red ribbon has been better than any medicine. I am sure I would have given my left arm for it, and I might have had a chance, as I should most probably have been with Salkeld, blowing up the Cashmere Gate, had it not been for that wretched grape the night before. . . . We are wonderfully comfortable in our new house; it was a powder manufactory in the days of the Mogul, and consequently our servants accidentally blew us up the other day, and killed one of themselves. But these little excitements are necessary. After being three months every day under fire, the change is so great that we were thinking of paying men to fire at us daily, and so let ourselves down to a quiet life by degrees.

STATE OF THE STREETS.

"The magazine was taken on the 16th. A breach was made in the wall on the College side, and, with a rush and a cheer, it was in our possession. The enemy had six heavy guns, loaded with grape to the muzzle, facing the breach; but the whole thing was so suddenly carried out that they had not time to fire them. In this affair we had very few casualties. You may fancy the style of fighting we have had when I tell you that in the reserve column alone the number of killed is 84, wounded 293, and 15 missing—in all 389. Every column had an equal share of fighting. This style of fighting from house to house is very harassing for our troops. The ruin and desolation apparent all over the city are indescribable. Valuable property of all kinds is lying about broken and uncared for. Our brave troops will not want for prize-money, even if they should not get a heap of it in the Palace. The enemy's killed lie about in all directions, and those who oppose us are losing what little organization and discipline they had left. Still their obstinate defense is wonderful, and can only be attributed to *bhang*. A couple or even one fresh European regiment at Delhi would act like magic, but I fear there is no chance of getting it. We are in for it, and must work away with the materials we have, worn though they be. Pandy is beginning to find out his mistake. Day by day, and hour by hour, we are improving our position, while that of the enemy is fast becoming hopeless. An attempt was made on the 10th to retake the magazine; but the enemy was repulsed with heavy loss. The Sepoys are lying in heaps all over the roads; and the destruction of almost every house in the immediate vicinity of the gates and bastions, against which we have been directing our mortar-guns, proves that our shelling did more mischief than we at first thought. An unfortunate European soldier was found tied to a stake and burned to death; and the heaps of mangled bodies of the enemy and general ruin around baffle description."

THE NATIVE WOMEN SAVED.

A letter from Delhi, written while the fight was going on, says: "Women are flying frantically about in all directions, unmolested by our troops, in awful fright; property of great value lying about the streets every where, and the enemy in hundreds hurrying away from the doomed city, some say to Gwalior, *via* Muttra, where, I suppose, they will make another stand. The slaughter of the enemy has been very great, and in the smaller thoroughfares, where our troops had to fight from house to house, the Sepoys fell where they were found, entreating the Sahib lok, as they called our Europeans, not to give them the cold steel, but to shoot them at once. A good deal of skirmishing is going on in the streets, but Pandy don't stand so firmly as people expected; and although the city, which may be supposed was to fall at once into our possession, has taken so long to recover, I think the worst for us is over, and bad enough it is as far as loss of life is concerned. Many will be glad to learn that women and children are suffered to go unmolested. This is a stretch of mercy I should not have been prepared to make had I a voice in the matter. It ought to be remembered that many of these very women (or fiends in female form) were foremost in inflicting cruelty upon our own women and children; and it must be fresh in your memory that when the mutineers came out of the city for a grand attack upon our camp, while Nicholson's force was at Nujujgurh, they were followed by crowds of these very women, whose sole object on venturing out was to *loot* our camp when the mutineers took possession of it, which they calculated would be an easy affair, as our troops were away! These Cooly women of Delhi were with the men who looted all the European houses in Delhi. However, it is the General's hoovum that they should be spared, and I hope he won't rue it. I wonder if one of these women would have spared one of our women if she had had the chance of murdering her."

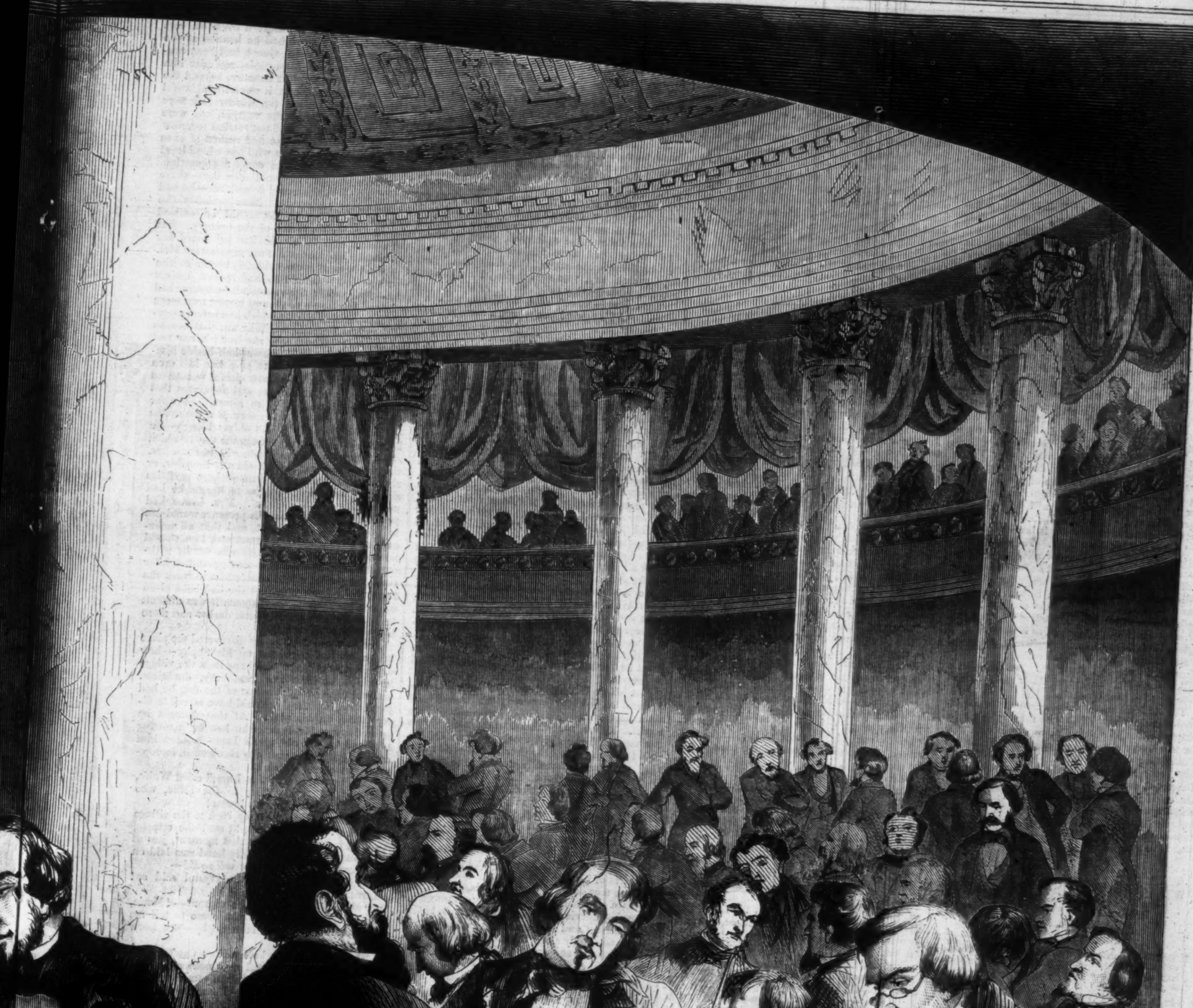
THE HIGHLANDERS' OATH OVER MISS WHEELER'S BODY.

The following has been communicated to the Poonah *Observer*: "By recent letters received from Brigadier Havelock's force, it appears that on the arrival of the detachment of the 78th Higlanders at that place of skulls, Cawnpore, after the massacre of our countrymen, women, and children, they by some means or other found the remains of one of General Wheeler's daughters. The sight was horrible, and aroused them to that pitch, that gathering around they removed the hair from off the poor girl's head, a portion of which was carefully selected and sent home to her surviving friends. The remainder they equally divided among themselves; and on each man receiving his carefully-served-out portion, they all quietly and very patiently applied themselves to the tedious task of counting out the number of hairs contained in each individual's lot; and when this task was accomplished, they one and all swore most solemnly by Heaven and the God that made them, that for as many hairs as they held in their fingers, so many of the cruel and treacherous mutineers should die by their hands! An oath that they will, no doubt, most religiously keep."

BRITISH PROSPECTS.

The correspondent of the *Times* writes from Bombay: "Delhi, then, has fallen, but I would warn your readers not to believe that the revolt is therefore over. The fall of the city is important to our prestige, and may be injurious to the *morale* of the rebel forces, but the physical strength of the revolt is almost unimpaired. The greater number of the mutineers in Delhi must have escaped. There is no cavalry to send after them, and natives under all cirumstances outmarch troops led by Europeans. The force in Delhi has been much reduced, and can not be very speedily reinforced. The battle-field will probably be transferred to Oude. General Havelock's splendid march on Lucknow saved the Europeans imprisoned there, but he is too weak-handed to effect more. It is doubtful even if he will succeed in reaching Cawnpore. He is hemmed in by a force which can not number less than thirty thousand men, with all the communications in their hands, an amazing number of cannon, plenty of provisions, and the sympathy of the Mussulman population. There are no troops to send to his aid, and he designs, it is said, to leave a small garrison in Lucknow, and cut his way with the remainder back to Cawnpore. Round that station, again, the Gwalior mutineers are said to be concentrating; but this report, like most others, requires confirmation. At present they are threatening Agra. In truth, notwithstanding the fall of Delhi, all we can hope to do is to maintain our ground until the English reinforcements arrive. They can not be here in force till November. They will then be transported in steamers and by immense bullock trains to Allahabad, whence strong columns, under Sir Colin Campbell, will sweep through the northwest and Oude, reconquering the provinces as if they had never been in our possession. This movement can not be commenced till the 2d of December, and till then I have not a hope of reporting the approach of permanent tranquillity. Meanwhile, difficulties not yet described in your columns are thickening round us."

THE MEETING OF CONGRESS—HALL OF



EPRESENTATIVES, DECEMBER, 1857.

THE MEETING OF CONGRESS.

The engraving on the foregoing pages represents the meeting of Congress. The scene has been rendered familiar to our readers by the accounts which have been published in the daily papers.

The room is the old one; the new Hall, which is nearly completed, or quite so, will not be dry enough for occupation for a few weeks hence. Committee-rooms, and other apartments which are essential accompaniments to the Assembly Chamber, are yet wanting in the new building; they will be ready for occupancy before the end of the present session.

The present Chamber, or Hall of Representatives, has long been a subject of complaint. It is defective in respect of acoustics, light, heat, and accommodation; in fact there is hardly a point in which it meets the public requirements. The new Hall will present a striking contrast in these respects. It is a parallelogram, 130 by 93 feet, with a ceiling 36 feet from the floor, and galleries all round, capable of seating 1200 persons. The reporters will have convenient desks behind the Speaker's chair. The seats of the members—of which there are 300—are ranged in a semicircle, of which the Speaker's chair is the centre. Light will be obtained from above, by day as well as by night. By day the sun's rays will penetrate through stained glass; by night large gas jets, placed above the ceiling, will send down a soft flood of light without dazzling the speakers, or increasing the temperature of the room. Acoustics have been especially cared for. A committee, consisting of Captain Meigs, Professor Bache, and Henry Vane, made numerous experiments to discover the exact laws governing the transmission of sound; and it is not too much to say that the construction of our new Hall of Representatives will be, for many years at least, the type for public buildings in all parts of the world. A novelty is introduced, likewise, in the heating of the room. The hot air, having passed through a hot-water seive, in order to absorb sufficient moisture, will be forced into the Hall from above by means of a steam-fan. Meanwhile the foul air will escape through apertures near the floor, and its place will be occupied by the fresh warm air from above. Ordinarily the warm air is received from below, and as it is specifically lighter than the common atmosphere of the room, it almost instantly rises to the ceiling and fails to warm the lower part of the room. The new system will, if successful, inaugurate a new era in the science of architectural caloric.

The old Hall, which our picture may be considered as embalming, will long be memorable for the contests which have taken place within its walls. In this room the noblest eloquence which the United States have produced has been heard; contests, on which not only the permanence of the Union but the hope of human liberty throughout the world in a large degree depended, have been waged time and again in that room. Who knows but this last session in the old Hall may prove as memorable by its contests and its results as any that have ever taken place?

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

BOOK IV.—CHAPTER I.

In the kindliest natures there is a certain sensitiveness, which, when wounded, occasions the same pain, and bequeathes the same resentment, as mortified vanity or galled self-love.

It is exactly that day week, toward the hour of five in the evening; Mr. Hartopp, alone in the parlor behind his warehouse, is locking up his books and ledgers preparatory to the return to his villa. There is a certain change in the expression of his countenance since we saw it last. If it be possible for Mr. Hartopp to look sullen—sullen he looks; if it be possible for the Mayor of Gatesboro' to be crest-fallen—crest-fallen he is. That smooth existence has surely received some fatal concussion, and has not yet recovered the shock. But, if you will glance beyond the parlor at Mr. Williams giving orders in the warehouse, at the warehousemen themselves, at the rough faces in the tan-yard—nay, at Mike Callaghan, who has just brought a parcel from the railway, all of them have evidently shared in the effects of the concussion; all of them wear a look more or less sullen; all seem crest-fallen. Nay, could you carry your gaze farther on—could you peep into the shops in the High Street, or at the loungers in the city reading-room; could you extend the vision farther still—to Mr. Hartopp's villa, behold his wife, his little ones, his men-servants, and his maid-servants—more and more impressively general would become the tokens of disturbance occasioned by that infamous concussion. Every where a sullen look—every where that ineffable aspect of crest-fallenness! What can have happened? is the good man bankrupt? No—rich as ever! What can it be? Reader, that fatal event which they who love Josiah Hartopp are ever at watch to prevent, despite all their vigilance, has occurred! Josiah Hartopp has been TAKEN IN! Other men may be occasionally taken in, and no one mourns—perhaps they deserve it! they are not especially benevolent, or they set up to be specially wise. But to take in that Lamb! And it was not only the Mayor's heart that was wounded, but his pride, his self-esteem, his sense of dignity, were terribly humiliated. For as we know, though all the world considered Mr. Hartopp the very man born to be taken in, and therefore combined to protect him, yet in his secret soul Mr. Hartopp considered that no man less needed such protection; that he was never taken in, unless he meant to be so. Thus the cruelty and ingratitude of the base action under which his crest was so fallen, jarred on his whole system. Nay, more, he could not but feel that the event would long affect his personal comfort and independence; he would be more than ever under the affectionate tyranny of Mr. Williams—more than ever be an object of universal surveillance and espionage. There would be one thought paramount throughout Gatesboro'. "The Mayor, God bless him! has been taken in—this must not occur again! or Gatesboro' is dishonored, and Virtue indeed a name!" Mr. Hartopp felt not only mortified but subjugated—he who had hitherto been the soft subjugator of the hardest. He felt not only subjugated, but indignant at the consciousness of being so. He was too meekly convinced of Heaven's unerring justice not to feel assured that the man who had taken him in would come to a tragic end. He would not have hanged that man with his own hands—he was too mild for vengeance. But if he had seen that man hanging, he would have said, piously, "Fitting retribution!" and passed on his way soothed and comforted. Taken in!—taken in at last!—he, Josiah Hartopp, taken in by a fellow with one eye!

CHAPTER II.

The Mayor is so protected that he can not help himself.

A commotion without—a kind of howl—a kind of hoot. Mr. Williams—the warehousemen, the tanners, Mike Callaghan, share between them the howl and the hoot. The Mayor started—is it possible! His door is burst open, and, scattering all who sought to hold him back—scattering them to the right and left from his massive torso, in rushed the man who had taken in the Mayor—the fellow with one eye, and with that fellow, shaggy and travel-soiled, the other dog!

"What have you done with the charge I intrusted to you? My child—my child—where is she?"

Waife's face was wild with the agony of his emotions, and his voice was so sharply terrible that it went like a knife into the heart of the men, who, thrust aside for the moment, now followed him, fearful, into the room.

"Mr.—Mr. Chapman, Sir," faltered the Mayor, striving hard to recover dignity and self-possession, "I am astonished at your—your—"

"Audacity!" interposed Mr. Williams.

"My child—my Sophy—my child! answer me, man!"

"Sir," said the Mayor, drawing himself up, "have you not got the note which I left at my bailiff's cottage in case you called there?"

"Your note—this thing!" said Waife, striking a crumpled paper with his hand, and running his eye over its contents. "You have rendered up, you say, the child to her lawful protector? Gracious Heavens! did *I* trust her to you or not?"

"Leave the room all of you," said the Mayor, with a sudden return of his usual calm vigor.

"You go—you, Sirs; what the deuce do you do here?" growled Williams to the meaner throng. "Out!—I stay; never fear, men, I'll take care of him!"

The by-standers surlily slinked off, but none returned to their work; they stood within reach of call by the shut door. Williams tucked up his coat-sleeves, clenched his fists, hung his head doggedly on one side, and looked altogether so pugnacious and minatory, that Sir Isaac, who, though in a state of great excitement, had hitherto retained self-control, peered at him under his curls, stiffened his back, showed his teeth, and growled formidably.

"My good Williams, leave us," said the Mayor; "I would be alone with this person."

"Alone—you! out of the question. Now you have been once taken in, and you own it—it is my duty to protect you henceforth; and I will to the end of my days."

The Mayor sighed heavily—"Well, Williams, well!—take a chair, and be quiet. Now, Mr. Chapman, so to call you still; you have deceived me."

"I—how?"

The Mayor was puzzled. "Deceived me," he said at last, "in my knowledge of human nature. I thought you an honest man, Sir. And you are—but no matter."

Waife (impatiently). "My child, my child! you have given her up—to—to—"

Mayor. "Her own father, Sir."

Waife (echoing the words as he staggers back). "I thought so—I thought it!"

Mayor. "In so doing I obeyed the law—he had legal power to enforce his demand." The Mayor's voice was almost apologetic in its tone, for he was affected by Waife's anguish, and not able to silence a pang of remorse. After all, he had been trusted; and he had, excusably perhaps, necessarily perhaps, but still he *had* failed to fulfill the trust. "But," added the Mayor, as if reassuring himself—"But I refused at first to give her up, even to her own father; at first insisted upon waiting till your return; and it was only when I was informed what you yourself were that my scruples gave way."

Waife remained long silent, breathing very hard, and passing his hand several times over his forehead; at last he said more quietly than he had yet spoken, "Will you tell me where they have gone?"

"I do not know, and if I did know I would not tell you! Are they not right when they say that that innocent child should not be tempted away by—by—a— in short, by you, Sir?"

"*They* said! Her father—said that!—he said that! Did he—did *he* say it? Had he the heart?"

Mayor. "No, I don't think he said it. Eh, Mr. Williams? He spoke little to me!"

Mr. Williams. "Of course he would not expose that person. But the woman—the lady, I mean."

Waife. "Woman! Ah, yes. The bailiff's wife said there was a woman. What woman? What's her name?"

Mayor. "Really you must excuse me. I can say no more. I have consented to see you thus, because whatever you might have been, or may be, still it was due to myself to explain how I came to give up the child; and, besides, you left money with me, and *that*, at least, I can give to your own hand."

The Mayor turned to his desk, unlocked it, and drew forth the bag which Waife had sent to him.

As he extended it toward the Comedian, his hand trembled and his cheek flushed. For Waife's one bright eye had in it such depths of reproach, that again the Mayor's conscience was sorely troubled, and he would have given ten times the contents of that bag to have been alone with the vagrant, and to have said the soothing things he did not dare to say before Williams, who sate there mute and grim, guarding him from being once more "taken in." "If you had confided in me at first, Mr. Chapman," he said, pathetically, "or even if now, I could aid you in an honest way of life!"

"Aid him—now!" said Williams, with a snort. "At it again! you're not a man, you're an angel!"

"But if he is penitent, Williams."

"So! so! so!" murmured Waife. "Thank Heaven it was not he who spoke against me—it was but a strange woman. Oh!" he suddenly broke off with a groan. "Oh—but that strange woman—who, what can she be? and Sophy with her and him. Distraction! Yes, yes, I take the money. I shall want it all. Sir Isaac, pick up that bag. Gentlemen, good-day to you!" He bowed; such a failure that bow! Nothing ducal in it! bowed and turned toward the door; then, when he gained the threshold, as if some meeker, holier thought restored to him dignity of bearing, his form rose, though his face softened, and stretching his right hand toward the Mayor, he said: "You did but as all perhaps would have done on the evidence before you. You meant to be kind to her. If you knew all, how you would repent! I do not blame—I forgive you."

He was gone; the Mayor stood transfixed. Even Williams felt a cold, comfortless chill. "He does not look like it," said the foreman. "Cheer up, Sir, no wonder you were taken in—who would not have been?"

"Hark! that hoot again. Go, Williams, don't let the men insult him. Do, do. I shall be grateful."

But before Williams got to the door, the cripple and his dog had vanished; vanished down a dark narrow alley on the opposite side of the street. The rude workmen had followed him to the mouth of the alley, mocking him. Of the exact charge against the Comedian's good name they were not informed: that knowledge was confined to the Mayor and Mr. Williams. But the latter had dropped such harsh expressions, that, bad as the charge might really be, all in Mr. Hartopp's employment probably deemed it worse, if possible, than it really was. And wretch indeed must be the man by whom the Mayor had been confessedly taken in, and whom the Mayor had indignantly given up to the reproaches of his own conscience. But the cripple was now out of sight, lost amidst those labyrinths of squalid homes which, in great towns, are thrust beyond view, branching off abruptly behind High Streets and Market-places; so that strangers passing only along the broad thoroughfares, with glittering shops and gas-lit causeways, exclaim, "Where do the Poor live?"

CHAPTER III.

Ecce iterum Crispinus!

It was by no calculation, but by involuntary impulse, that Waife, thus escaping from the harsh looks and taunting murmurs of the gossips round the Mayor's door, dived into those sordid devious lanes. Vaguely he felt that a ban was upon him; that the covering he had thrown over his brand of outcast was lifted up; that a sentence of expulsion from the High Streets and Market-places of decorous life was passed against him. He had been robbed of his child, and Society, speaking in the voice of the Mayor of Gatesboro', said, "Rightly! thou art not fit companion for the innocent!"

At length he found himself out of the town, beyond its straggling suburbs, and once more on the solitary road. He had already walked far that day. He was thoroughly exhausted. He sate himself down in a dry ditch by the hedgerow, and taking his head between his hands, strove to re-collect his thoughts, and rearrange his plans.

Waife had returned that day to the bailiff's cottage joyous and elated. He had spent the week in traveling—partly, though not all the way on foot, to the distant village in which he had learned in youth the basket-maker's art! He had found the very cottage wherein he had then lodged, vacant, and to be let. There seemed a ready opening for the humble but pleasant craft to which he had diverted his ambition.

The bailiff intrusted with the letting of the cottage and osier-ground, had, it is true, requested some reference—not, of course, as to all a tenant's antecedents, but as to the reasonable probability that the tenant would be a quiet, sober man, who would pay his rent, and abstain from poaching. Waife thought he might safely presume that the Mayor of Gatesboro' would not, so far as that went, object to take his past upon trust, and give him a good word toward securing so harmless and obscure a future. Waife had never asked such a favor before of any man; he shrunk from doing so now; but for his grandchild's sake he would waive his scruples or humble his pride.

Thus, then, he had come back, full of Elysian dreams, to his Sophy—his Enchanted Princess. Gone—taken away, and with the Mayor's consent—the consent of the very man upon whom he had been relying to secure a livelihood and a shelter! Little more had he learned at the cottage, for Mr. and Mrs. Gooch had been cautioned to be as brief as possible, and give him no clew to regain his lost treasure, beyond the note which informed him it was with a lawful possessor. And, indeed, the worthy pair were now prejudiced against the vagrant, and were rude to him. But he had not tarried to cross-examine and inquire. He had rushed at once to the Mayor. Sophy was with one whose legal right to dispose of her he could not question. But where that person would take her—where he resided—what he would do with her—he had no means to conjecture. Most probably (he thought and guessed) she would be carried abroad—was already out of the country. But the woman with Losely, he had not heard her described; his guesses did not turn toward Mrs. Crane; the woman was evidently hostile to him—it was the woman who had spoken against him—not Losely; the woman whose tongue had poisoned Hartopp's mind, and turned into scorn all that admiring respect which had before greeted the great Comedian. Why was that woman his enemy? Who could she be? What had she to do with Sophy? He was half beside himself with terror. It was to save her less even from Losely than from such direful women as Losely made his confidants and associates that Waife had taken Sophy to himself. As for Mrs. Crane, she had never seemed a foe to *him*—she had ceded the child to him willingly—he had no reason to believe, from the way in which she had spoken of Losely when he last saw her, that she could henceforth aid the interests, or share the schemes, of the man whose perfidies she then denounced; and as to Rugge, he had not appeared at Gatesboro'. Mrs. Crane had prudently suggested that his presence would not be propitiatory or discreet, and that all reference to him, or to the contract with him, should be suppressed. Thus Waife was wholly without one guiding evidence—one groundwork for conjecture—that might enable him to track the lost; all he knew was, that she had been given up to a man whose whereabouts it was difficult to discover—a vagrant, of life darker and more hidden than his own.

But how had the hunters discovered the place where he had treasured up his Sophy—how dogged that retreat? Perhaps from the village in which we first saw him. Ay, doubtless, learned from Mrs. Saunders of the dog he had purchased, and the dog would have served to direct them on his path. At that thought he pushed away Sir Isaac, who had been resting his head on the old man's knee—pushed him away angrily; the poor dog slunk off in sorrowful surprise, and whined.

"Ungrateful wretch that I am," cried Waife, and he opened his arms to the brute, who bounded forgivingly to his breast!

"Come, come, we will go back to the village in Surrey. Tramp, tramp!" said the cripple, rousing himself. And at that moment, just as he gained his feet, a friendly hand was laid on his shoulder, and a friendly voice said—

"I have found you! the crystal said so! Marbellous!"

"Merle," faltered out the vagrant—"Merle, you here! Oh, perhaps you come to tell me good news: you have seen Sophy—you know where she is!"

The Cobbler shook his head. "Can't see her just at present. Crystal says nout about her. But I know she was taken from you—and—and—you shake tremenjous! Lean on me, Mr. Waife, and call off that big animal. He's a suspicating my calves, and circumtittyvating them. Thank ye, Sir. You see I was born with sinister aspects in my Twelfth House, which appertains to big animals and enemies; and dogs of that size about one's calves are—malefics!"

As Merle now slowly led the cripple, and Sir Isaac, relinquishing his first suspicions, walked droopingly beside them, the Cobbler began a long story, much encumbered by astrological illustrations and moralizing comments. The substance of his narrative is thus epitomized: Rugge, in pursuing Waife's track, had naturally called on Merle in company with Losely and Mrs. Crane. The Cobbler had no clew to give, and no mind to give it if clew he had possessed. But his curiosity being roused, he had smothered the inclination to dismiss the inquirers with more speed than good-breeding, and even refreshed his slight acquaintance with Mr. Rugge in so well simulated a courtesy, that that gentleman, when left behind by Losely and Mrs. Crane in their journey to Gatesboro', condescended, for want of other company, to drink tea with Mr. Merle; and tea being succeeded by stronger potations, he fairly unbosomed himself of his hopes of recovering Sophy, and his ambition of hiring the York theatre.

The day afterward, Rugge went away seemingly in high spirits, and the Cobbler had no doubt, from some words he let fall in passing Merle's stall toward the railway, that Sophy was recaptured, and that Rugge was summoned to take possession of her. Ascertaining from the manager that Losely and Mrs. Crane had gone to Gatesboro', the Cobbler called to mind that he had a sister living there, married to a green-grocer in a very small way, whom he had not seen for many years; and finding his business slack just then, he resolved to pay this relative a visit, with the benevolent intention of looking up Waife, whom he expected, from Rugge's account, to find there, and offering him any consolation or aid in his power, should Sophy have been taken from him against his will. A consultation with his crystal, which showed him the face of Mr. Waife alone, and much dejected, and a horary scheme which promised success to

his journey, decided his movements. He had arrived at Gatesboro' the day before, had heard a confused story about a Mr. Chapman, with his dog and his child, whom the Mayor had first taken up, but who afterward, in some mysterious manner, had taken in the Mayor. Happily, the darker gossip in the High Street had not penetrated the back lane in which Merle's sister resided. There little more was known than the fact that this mysterious stranger had imposed on the wisdom of Gatesboro's learned Institute and enlightened Mayor. Merle, at no loss to identify Waife with Chapman, could only suppose that he had been discovered to be a strolling player in Rugge's exhibition, after pretending to be some much greater man. Such an offense the Cobbler was not disposed to consider heinous. But Mr. Chapman was gone from Gatesboro', none knew whither; and Merle had not yet ventured to call himself on the chief magistrate of the place, to inquire after a man by whom that august personage had been deceived. "Howsomever," quoth Merle, in conclusion, "I was just standing at my sister's door, with her last babby in my arms, in Scrob Lane, when I saw you pass by like a shot. You were gone while I ran in to give up the babby, who is teething, with malefics in square—gone—clean out of sight. You took one turn, I took another; but you see we meet at last, as good men always do in this world—or the other, which is the same thing in the long-run."

Waife, who had listened to his friend without other interruption than an occasional nod of the head or interjectional expletive, was now restored to much of his constitutional mood of sanguine cheerfulness. He recognized Mrs. Crane in the woman described, and if surprised, he was rejoiced. For much as he disliked that gentlewoman, he thought Sophy might be in worse female hands. Without much need of sagacity, he divined the gist of the truth. Losely had somehow or other become acquainted with Rugge, and sold Sophy to the manager. Where Rugge was, there would Sophy be. It could not be very difficult to find out the place in which Rugge was now exhibiting; and then—ah then! Waife whistled to Sir Isaac, tapped his forehead, and smiled triumphantly. Meanwhile the Cobbler had led him back into the suburb, with the kind intention of offering him food and bed for the night at his sister's house. But Waife had already formed his plan; in London, and in London alone, could he be sure to learn where Rugge was now exhibiting; in London there were places at which that information could be gleaned at once. The last train to the metropolis was not gone. He would slink round the town to the station; he and Sir Isaac at that hour might secure places unnoticed.

When Merle found it was in vain to press him to stay over the night, the good-hearted Cobbler accompanied him to the train, and, while Waife shrunk him into a dark corner, bought the tickets for dog and master. As he was paying for these, he overheard two citizens talking of Mr. Chapman. It was indeed Mr. Williams explaining to a fellow-burgess just returned to Gatesboro', after a week's absence, how and by what manner of man Mr. Hartopp had been taken in. At what Williams said, the Cobbler's cheek paled. When he joined the Comedian, his manner was greatly altered; he gave the tickets without speaking, but looked hard into Waife's face, as the latter repaid him the fares. "No," said the Cobbler, suddenly, "I don't believe it."

"Believe what!" asked Waife, startled.

"That you are—"

The Cobbler paused, bent forward, and whispered the rest of the sentence close in the vagrant's ear. Waife's head fell on his bosom, but he made no answer.

"Speak," cried Merle; "say 'tis a lie." The poor cripple's lip writhed, but he still spoke not.

Merle looked aghast at that obstinate silence. At length, but very slowly, as the warning bell summoned him and Sir Isaac to their several places in the train, Waife found voice. "So you too, you too desert and despise me! God's will be done!" He moved away—spiritless, limping, hiding his face as well as he could. The porter took the dog from him, to thrust it into one of the boxes reserved for such four-footed passengers.

Waife, thus parted from his last friend—I mean the dog—looked after Sir Isaac wistfully, and crept into a third-class carriage, in which luckily there was no one else. Suddenly Merle jumped in, snatched his hand, and pressed it tightly. "I don't despise, I don't turn my back on you; whenever you and the little one want a home and a friend, come to Kit Merle as before, and I'll bite my tongue out if I ask any more questions of you; I'll ask the stars instead."

The Cobbler had but just time to splutter out these comforting words, and redescend the carriage, when the train put itself into movement, and the lifelike iron miracle, fuming, hissing, and screeching, bore off to London its motley convoy of human beings, each passenger's heart a mystery to the other, all bound the same road, all wedged close within the same whirling mechanism: what a separate and distinct world in each! Such is Civilization! How like we are one to the other in the mass! how strangely dissimilar in the abstract!

MY WIFE'S TEMPTER.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

I.—A PREDESTINED MARRIAGE.

Elsie and I were to be married in less than a week. It was rather a strange match, and I knew that some of our neighbors shook their heads over it, and said that no good would come. The way it came to pass was thus:

I loved Elsie Burns for two years, during which time she refused me three times. I could no more help asking her to have me, when the chance offered, than I could help breathing or living. To love her seemed natural to me as existence. I felt no shame, only sorrow, when she rejected me; I felt no shame either when I renewed my suit. The neighbors called me mean-spirited to take up with any girl that had refused me as often as Elsie Burns had done; but what cared I about the neighbors? If it is black weather, and the sun is under a cloud every day for a month, is that any reason why the poor farmer should not hope for the blue sky and the plentiful burst of warm light when the dark month is over? I never entirely lost heart. Do not, however, mistake me. I did not mope, and moan, and grow pale, after the manner of poetical lovers. No such thing. I went bravely about my business; ate and drank as usual; laughed when the laugh went round, and slept soundly, and woke refreshed. Yet all this time I loved—desperately loved—Elsie Burns. I went wherever I hoped to meet her, but did not haunt her with my attentions. I behaved to her as any friendly young man would have behaved: I met her and parted from her cheerfully. She was a good girl, too, and behaved well. She had me in her power—how a woman in Elsie's situation could have mortified a man in mine!—but she never took the slightest advantage of it. She danced with me when I asked her, and had no foolish fears about allowing me to see her home of nights, after a ball was over, or of wandering with me through the pleasant New England fields when the wild flowers made the paths like roads in fairy-land.

On the several disastrous occasions when I presented my suit I did it simply and manfully, telling her that I loved her very much, and would do every thing to make her happy, if she would be my wife. I made no fulsome protestations, and did not once allude to suicide. She, on the other hand, calmly and gravely thanked me for my good opinion, but with the same calm gravity rejected me. I used to tell her that I was grieved; that I would not press her; that I would wait and hope for some change in her feelings. She had an esteem for me, she would say, but could not marry me. I never asked her for any reasons. I hold it to be an insult to a woman of sense to demand her reasons on such an occasion. Enough for me that she did not then wish to be my wife; so the old intercourse went on—she, cordial and polite as ever; I, never for one moment doubting but that the day would come when my roof-tree would shelter her, and we would smile together over our fire-side at my long and indefatigable wooing.

I will confess that at times I felt a little jealous—jealous of a man named Hammond Brake, who lived in our village. He was a weird, saturnine fellow, who made no friends among the young men of the neighborhood, but who loved to go alone, with his books and his own thoughts for company. He was a studious, and, I believe, a learned young man, and there was no avoiding the fact that he possessed considerable influence over Elsie. She liked to talk with him in corners, or in secluded nooks of the forest, when we all went out black-berry gathering or picnicking. She read books that he gave her, and whenever a discussion arose relative to any topic higher than those ordinary ones we usually canvassed, Elsie appealed to Brake for his opinion, as a disciple consulting a beloved master. I confess it, that for a time I feared this man as a rival. A little closer observation, however, convinced me that my suspicions were unfounded. The connection between Elsie and Hammond Brake was purely intellectual. She reverenced his talents and acquirements, but she did not love him. His influence over her, nevertheless, was none the less decided.

In time—as I thought all along—Elsie yielded. I was what was considered a most eligible match, being tolerably rich, and Elsie's parents were most anxious to have me for a son-in-law. I was well-looking and well-educated enough, and the old people, I believe, pertinaciously dinned all my advantages into my little girl's ears. She battled against the marriage for a long time with a strange persistence—all the more strange because she never alleged the slightest personal dislike to me—but after a vigorous cannonading from her own garrison (in which, I am proud to say, I did not in any way join), she hoisted the white flag and surrendered.

I was very happy. I had no fear about being able to gain Elsie's heart. I think—indeed I know—that she had liked me all along, and that her refusals were dictated by other feelings than those of a personal nature. I only guessed as much then. It was some time before I knew all.

As the day approached for our wedding Elsie did not appear at all stricken with woe. The village gossips had not the smallest opportunity for establishing a romance, with a compulsory bride for the heroine. Yet to me it seemed as if there was something strange at work within her. A vague terror appeared to beset her. Even in her most loving moments, when resting in my arms, she would shrink away from me, and shudder as if some cold wind had suddenly struck upon her. That it was caused by no aversion to me was evident, for she would the moment after, as if to make amends, give me one of those sweet voluntary kisses that are sweeter than all others because they are voluntary without being impure.

I reflected over this gravely, as was my custom, but could come to no conclusion. I dismissed it as one of those mysteries of maidenhood which it is not given to man to fathom.

The day came at length on which we were to be married—a glorious autumnal day, on which the sweet season of fruits and flowers seemed to have copied the kings of old, and robed itself in its brightest purple and gold, in order to die with becoming splendor. The little village church was nearly filled with the bridal party and the curious crowd who came to see the persevering lover win his bride. Elsie was calm, and grave, and beautiful. The sober beauty of the autumn itself seemed to tinge her face.

Once only did she show any emotion. When the solemn question was put to her, the answer to which was to decide her destiny, I felt her hand—which was in mine—tremble. As she gasped out a convulsive "Yes," she gave one brief, imploring glance at the gallery on the right. I placed the ring upon her finger, and looked in the direction in which she gazed. Hammond Brake's dark countenance was visible looking over the railings, and his eyes were bent sternly on Elsie. I turned quickly round to my bride, but her brief emotion, of whatever nature, had vanished. She was looking at me anxiously, and smiling—somewhat sadly—through her maiden's tears.

I kissed her, and whispered a loving word or two in her ear, at which she brightened; and her grave, decorous old father, and quaint, tender-hearted mother, kissed her, and we rode all alone, through glories of the autumn woods, to our home.

II.—THE STRANGE BOOK.

The months went by quickly, and we were very happy. I learned that Elsie really loved me, and of my love for her she had proof long ago. I will not say that there was no cloud upon our little horizon. There was one, but it was so small, and appeared so seldom, that I scarcely feared it. The old vague terror seemed still to attack my wife. If I did not know her to be pure as heaven's snow, I would have said it was *a remorse*. At times she scarcely appeared to hear what I said, so deep would be her reverie. Nor did those moods seem pleasant ones. When rapt in such her sweet features would contract, as if in a hopeless effort to solve some mysterious problem. A sad pain, as it were, quivered in her white, drooped eyelids. One thing I particularly remarked—*she spent hours at a time gazing at the west*. There was a small room in our house whose windows, every evening, flamed with the red light of the setting sun. Here Elsie would sit and gaze westward so motionless and entranced that it seemed as if her soul was going down with the day. Her conduct to me was curiously varied. She apparently loved me very much, yet there were times when she absolutely avoided me. I have seen her strolling through the fields, and left the house with the intention of joining her, but the moment she caught sight of me approaching she has fled into the neighboring copse with so evident a wish to avoid me that it would have been absolutely cruel to follow.

Once or twice the old jealousy of Hammond Brake crossed my mind, but I was obliged to dismiss it as a frivolous suspicion. Nothing in my wife's conduct justified any such theory. Brake visited us once or twice a week—in fact, when I returned from my business in the village, I used to find him seated in the parlor with Elsie, reading some favorite author, or conversing on some novel literary topic; but there was no disposition to avoid my scrutiny. Brake seemed to come as a matter of right; and the perfect unconsciousness of furnishing any grounds for suspicion with which he acted, was a sufficient answer to my mind for any wild doubts that my heart may have suggested.

Still I could not but remark that Brake's visits were in some manner connected with Elsie's melancholy. On the days when he had appeared and departed the gloom seemed to hang more thickly than ever over her head. She sat, on such occasions, all the evening at the western window, silently gazing through the cleft in the hills, through which the sun passed to his repose.

At last I made up my mind to speak to her. It seemed to me to be my duty, if she had a sorrow, to partake of it. I approached her on the matter with the most perfect confidence that I had nothing to learn beyond the existence of some girlish grief, which a confession and a few loving kisses would exorcise forever.

"Elsie," I said to her one night, as she sat, according to her custom, gazing westward, like those maidens of the old ballads of chivalry watching for the knights that never came—"Elsie, what is the matter with you, darling? I have noticed a strange melancholy in you for some time past. Tell me all about it."

She turned quickly round, and gazed at me, with eyes wide opened and face filled with a sudden fear.

"Why do you ask me that, Mark?" she answered; "I have nothing to tell."

From the strange, startled manner in which this reply was given, I felt convinced that she had something to tell, and instantly formed a determination to discover what it was. A pang shot through my heart as I thought that the woman whom I held dearer than any thing on earth hesitated to trust me with a petty secret.

"Elsie," I said, "don't treat me as if I was a grand inquisitor, with racks and thumb-screws in readiness for you if you prove contumacious. You need not look at me in that frightened way. I'm not an ogre, child. I don't breakfast on nice, cozy little women five months married. Supposing you do owe a bill to the milliner in Boston, what does it matter? I'm tolerably rich. How much is it?"

I knew perfectly well that she did not owe any such bill, but it was a mode of testing her. A look of relief passed over her features as I spoke.

"Mark," she said, stroking my hair with her little hand, and smiling faintly, "you're a goose. I don't owe any bill to the milliner in Boston, and I have no secret worth knowing. I know I'm a little melancholy at times—I feel weary; but that is not unnatural, you know, just now, Mark, dear"—kissing me on the lips—"you must bear with my moods for a little while, until there are *three* of us, and then I'll be better company."

I knew what she alluded to, but, God help me! I felt sad enough at the moment, though I kissed her back, and ceased to question her. I felt sad, because my instinct told me that she deceived me; and it is very hard to be deceived, even in trifles, by those we love. I left her sitting at her favorite window, and walked out into the fields. I wanted to think.

I remained out until I saw lights in the parlor shining through the dusk evening, then I returned slowly. As I passed the windows—which were near the ground, our house being cottage-built—I looked in. Hammond Brake was sitting with my wife. She was sitting in a rocking-chair opposite to him, holding a small volume open on her lap. Brake was talking to her very earnestly, and she was listening to him with an expression I had never before seen on her countenance. Awe, fear, and admiration were all blent together in those dilating eyes. She seemed absorbed, body and soul, in what this man said. I shuddered at the sight. A vague terror seized upon me; I hastened into the house. As I entered the room, rather suddenly, my wife started and hastily concealed the little volume that lay on her lap in one of her wide pockets. As she did so a loose leaf escaped from the volume and slowly fluttered to the floor, unobserved by either her or her companion. But I had my eye upon it. I felt that it was a clew.

"What new novel or philosophical wonder have you both been poring over?" I asked, quite gayly; stealthily watching at the same time the tell-tale embarrassment under which Elsie was laboring. Brake, who was not in the least discomposed, replied,

"That," said he, "is a secret which must be kept from you. It is an advance copy, and is not to be shown to any one except your wife."

"Ha!" cried I, "I know what it is. It is your volume of poems that Ticknor is publishing. Well, I can wait until it is regularly for sale."

I knew that Brake had a volume in the hands of the publishing house I mentioned, with a vague promise of publication some year in the present century. Hammond smiled significantly but did not reply. He evidently wished to cultivate this supposed impression of mine. Elsie looked relieved and heaved a deep sigh. I felt more than ever convinced that a mystery underlay all this. So I drew my chair over the fallen leaf that lay unnoticed on the carpet, and talked and laughed with Hammond Brake gayly as if nothing was on my mind, while all the time a great load of suspicion lay heavily at my heart.

At length Hammond Brake rose to go. I wished him good-night, but did not offer to accompany him to the door. My wife supplied this omitted courtesy as I had expected. The moment I was alone I picked up the book-leaf from the floor. It was *not* the leaf of a volume of poems. Beyond that, however, I learned nothing. It contained a string of paragraphs printed in the Biblical fashion, and the language was Biblical in style. It seemed to be a portion of some religious book. Was it possible that my wife was being converted to the Romish faith? Yes; that was it. Brake was a Jesuit in disguise—I had heard of such things—and had stolen into the bosom of my family to plant there his destructive errors. There could be no longer any doubt of it. This was some portion of a Romish book. Some infamous Popish publication. Fool that I was not to see it all before! But there was yet time. I would forbid him the house.

I had just formed this resolution when my wife entered. I put the strange leaf in my pocket and took my hat.

"Why you are not going out, surely?" cried Elsie, surprised.

"I have a headache," I answered. "I will take a short walk."

Elsie looked at me with a peculiar air of distrust. Her woman's instinct told her that there was something wrong. Before she could question me, however, I had left the room and was walking rapidly on Hammond Brake's track.

He heard the footsteps, and I saw his figure, black against the sky, stop and peer back through the dusk to see who was following him.

"It is I, Brake," I called out. "Stop; I wish to speak with you."

He stopped, and in a minute or so we were walking side by side along the road. My fingers itched at that moment to be on his throat. I commenced the conversation.

"Brake," I said, "I'm a very plain sort of man, and I never say any thing without good reason. What I came after you to tell you is, that I don't wish you to come to my house any more, or to speak with Elsie any farther than the ordinary salutations go. It's no joke. I'm quite in earnest."

Brake started, and, stopping short, faced me suddenly in the road.

"What have I done?" he asked. "You surely are too sensible a man to be jealous, Dayton?"

"Oh!" I answered, scornfully, "not jealous in the ordinary sense of the word a bit. But I don't think your company good company for my wife, Brake. If you *will* have it out of me, I suspect you of being a Roman Catholic, and of trying to convert my wife."

A smile shot across his face, and I saw his sharp, white teeth gleam for an instant in the dusk.

"Well, what if I am a Papist?" he said, with a strange tone of triumph in his voice. "The faith is not criminal. Besides, what proof have you that I was attempting to proselytize your wife?"

"This," said I, pulling the leaf from my pocket—"this leaf from one of those devilish Papist books you and she were reading this evening. I picked it up from the floor. Proof enough, I think!"

In an instant Brake had snatched the leaf from my hand and torn it into atoms.

"You shall be obeyed," he said. "I will not speak with Elsie as long as she is your wife. Good-night. So you think I'm a Papist, Dayton? You're a clever fellow!" and with rather a sneering chuckle he marched on along the road and vanished into the darkness.

III.—THE SECRET DISCOVERED.

Brake came no more. I said nothing to Elsie about his prohibition, and his name was never mentioned. It seemed strange to me that she should not speak of his absence, and I was very much puzzled by her silence. *Her moodiness seemed to have increased*, and what was most remarkable, in proportion as she grew more and more reserved the

intenser were the bursts of affection which she exhibited for me. She would strain me to her bosom and kiss me, as if she and I were about to be parted forever. Then for hours she would remain sitting at her window silently, gazing with that terrible, wishful gaze of hers at the west.

I will confess to having watched my wife at this time. I could not help it. That some strange mystery hung about her I felt convinced. I must fathom it or die. Her honor I never for a moment doubted; yet there seemed to weigh continually upon me the prophecy of some awful domestic calamity. This time the prophecy was not in vain.

About three weeks after I had forbidden Brake my house I was strolling over my farm in the evening, apparently inspecting my agriculture, but in reality speculating on that topic which latterly was ever present to me.

There was a little knoll covered with evergreen oaks at the end of the lawn. It was a picturesque spot, for on one side the bank went off into a sheer precipice of about eighty feet in depth, at the bottom of which a pretty pool lay, that in the summer time was fringed with numbers of white water-lilies. I had thought of building a species of summer-house in this spot, and now my steps mechanically directed themselves toward the place. As I approached I heard voices. I stopped and listened eagerly. A few seconds enabled me to ascertain that Hammond Brake and my wife were in the copse talking together. She still followed him then, and he, scoundrel that he was, had broken his promise. A fury seemed to fill my veins as I made this discovery. I felt the impulse strong upon me to rush into the grove, and then and there strangle the villain who was poisoning my peace; but with a powerful effort I restrained myself. It was necessary that I should overhear what was said. I threw myself flat on the grass, and so glided silently into the copse until I was completely within ear-shot. This was what I heard. My wife was sobbing.

"So soon—so soon—oh! Hammond, give me a little time."

"I can not, Elsie. My chief orders me to join him. You must prepare to accompany me."

"No, no!" murmured Elsie. "He loves me so. And I love him. Our child, too—how can I rob him of our unborn babe?"

"Another sheep for our flock," answered Brake, solemnly. "Elsie, do you forget your oath? Are you one of us, or are you a common hypocrite who will be of us until the hour of self-sacrifice, and then fly like a coward? Elsie, you must leave to-night."

"Ah! my husband, my husband!" sobbed the unhappy woman.

"You have no husband, woman," cried Brake, harshly. "I promised Dayton not to speak to you as long as you were his wife, but the vow was annuled before it was made. Your husband in God yet awaits you. You will yet be blessed with the true spouse."

"I feel as if I were going to die," cried Elsie; "how will I ever forsake him? He who was so good to me."

"Nonsense! none of this weakness. He is not worthy of you. Go home, and prepare for your journey. You know where to meet me. I will have every thing ready, and by daybreak there shall be no trace of us left. Beware of permitting your husband to suspect any thing. He is not very shrewd at such things—he thought I was a Jesuit in disguise—but we had better be careful. Now go. You have been too long here already. Bless you, sister."

A few faint sobs. A rustling of leaves; and I knew that Brake was alone. I rose and stepped silently into the open space in which he stood. His back was toward me. His arms were lifted high over his head with an exultant gesture, and I could see his profile as it slightly turned toward me, illuminated with a smile of scornful triumph. I put my hand suddenly on his throat from behind, and flung him on the ground before he could utter a cry.

"Not a word," I said, unclasping a short-bladed knife which I carried; "answer my questions, or by Heavens I will cut your throat from ear to ear!"

He looked up into my face with an unflinching eye, and set his lips as if resolved to suffer all.

"What are you? Who are you? What object have you in the seduction of my wife?"

He smiled, but was silent.

"Ah! you won't answer. We'll see."

I pressed the knife slowly against his throat. His face contracted spasmodically, but although a thin red thread of blood sprang out along the edge of the blade Brake remained mute. An idea suddenly seized me. This sort of death had no terrors for him. I would try another. There was the precipice; I was twice as powerful as he was, so I seized him in my arms, and in a moment transported him to the margin of the steep smooth cliff, the edge of which was garnished with the tough stems of the wild vine. He seemed to feel it was no use struggling with me, so allowed me passively to roll him over the edge. When he was suspended in the air, I gave him a vine stem to cling to and let him go. He swung at a height of eighty feet, with face upturned and pale. He dared not look down. I seated myself calmly on the edge of the cliff, and with my knife commenced to cut into the thick vine a foot or two above the place he held on to. I was correct in my calculation. This terror was too much for him. As he saw the notch in the vine getting deeper and deeper his determination gave way.

"I'll answer you," he gasped out to me, gazing at me with starting eyeballs; "what do you want?"

"What are you?" was my question, as I ceased cutting at the stem.

"A Mormon," was the answer, uttered with a groan. "Take me up. My hands are slipping. Quick!"

"And you wanted my wife to follow you to that infernal Salt Lake City, I suppose?"

"Oh! yes. Release me—save me—and I'll quit the place never to come back. Do help me up, Dayton—I'm falling."

I felt mightily inclined to let the villain drop; but it did not suit my purpose to be hung for murder, so I swung him back again on the sward, where he fell panting and exhausted.

"Will you quit the place to-night?" I said. "You'd better. By Heaven, if you don't, I'll tell all the men in the village, and we'll Lynch you, as sure as your name is Brake."

"I'll go—I'll go," he groaned. "I swear never to trouble you again."

"You ought to be hanged, you villain. Be off!"

He slunk away through the trees like a beaten dog; and I went home in a state bordering on despair. I found Elsie crying. She was sitting by the window as of old. I knew now why she was gazing so constantly at the west. It was her Mecca. Something in my face I suppose told her that I was laboring under great excitement. She rose up, startled, as soon as I entered the room.

"Elsie," said I, "get your bonnet. I am come to take you home."

"Home! why I *am* at home, am I not? What do you mean?"

"No. This is no longer your home. You have deceived me. You are a Mormon. I know all. You have become a convert to that apostle of Hell, Brigham Young, and you can not live with me. I love you still, Elsie, dearly—but—you must go and live with your father."

She saw there was no appeal from my word, and with a face hopeless with despair she arranged her dress and passively went with me.

I live in the same village with my wife, and yet am a widower. She is very penitent, they say; yet I can not bring myself to believe that any one who has allowed the Mormon poison to enter their veins can ever be cured. People say that we will come together again, but I know better. Mine is not the first hearth that Mormonism has rendered desolate.

"PAPER" versus "MONEY."

A PLEASANTRY—NOT BY FRANKLIN.

I.

You that have read of the "Golden Leg"
Of that famous Lady, Miss Kilmansegg—
A curious legend—of you I beg
A moment's kind attention;
No golden tale—though a tale of cash,
A dollar-ous tale, wound up with a crash;
A sort of a general *papier mash*,
Is all I care to mention.

II.

You who have heard of the "Golden Calf;"
Or the "Golden Fleece;" or are wont to laugh
At the "Golden Goose," as a half-and-half,
Wall-Streetish "Operation;"
Just think of the "fleecings" of this our day;
Of the geese that (under protest) lay—
("Lame Ducks" they're called, in a bearish way)—
Of the calf (*not* Golden!) to which we pray;
The common *weal* we madly slay,
To our bitter rue-in-nation!

III.

The Idol *we* bow to is not of gold!
Its newest "last-legs" are crippled and old;
And our Goose has a "tale" that's easily "told"
By a "teller" with dexterous fingers:
'Tis the very large "Elephant"—FUM-FEE-FAW—
Built of "paper" and stuff'd with "straw,"
With rag shin-plasters to patch up each flaw;
And "trappings" of gold,
And "tricks" untold,
Save in *bills*, such as Barnum used to draw
When he crack'd up the Opera-singers.

IV.

Paper! puff-paper, and paper still!
Stuff'd in pocket and stuff'd in till;
'Till business is one vast *paper-mill*,
Driven by steam—high pressure;
Grinding the public to rags and mash;
Shaking it, breaking it, all to smash;
Seizing it, teazing it, squeezing it—crash!
Like a patent *Fourdrainier*—only more "hash,"
Or Pitts's patent Thrasher!

V.

Paper, in bundles and reams and quires!
Fools-cap, for dreamers or town-lot buyers;
Straw, grass, shavings, each conspires
To this wondrous paper creation.
Paper in bonds and writs and wills;
Paper in "kites," with terrible "bills"—
"*Couriers*" of wrath and "*Heralds*" of ills—
Stock-*coupons*, and all that fills
An "act" dishonored or "deed" that kills
With "*suspended* animation."

VI.

But of all the "paper" that's out of pocket—
Deed, bond, mortgage, or legal docket—
The one that brings the most terrible shock, it
(If you doubt, try it before you mock it)
'S the "RAG" of a Bank *that's broken!*
Worse than a rascally counterfeit,
That never was "good" for a fippeny-bit;
Dead as a door-nail, or dead as a nit,
It *lies*—a base bank-token!

VII.

Smooth its face as a smug "cashier,"
Issuing promises, year by year;
Or placid "president," with never a fear,
Till panic or crisis troubles;
Or ragged and rumpled, with look forlorn,
Like the same cashier, on suspension morn,
Shinning through Wall Street, weary and worn,
Like a hare that's hunted by hound and horn,
Doubling as interest doubles.

VIII.

Pretty "rag"—of paper and ink,
With pretty pictures, in place of "the chink,"
Made to humbug, by humbugs, I think,
Or the art-ists they call Engravers.
Engravers indeed!—they *grave* it deep!
Treasures may tumble—Curtius may leap;
Yet still the void yawns, jagged and steep,
As the *slaves on the "bank"* crawl, cringe, and creep,
While they worship the *dear* enslavers!

IX.

Precious Engraver!—with *burin* in hand,
Skillful at portrait, and vignette, and land-
Scape, grace-die-work, patch-work, and
The "writing," to say,
"We promise to pay,"
In the gold and silver we've banished and bann'd,
That "scrip" that tells the whole story.
And—having told the impossible lie,
Their "press-gang" increase and multiply
(Millions where thousands were full supply),
And fools there be at the bait to fly,
Like gudgeon or weak John Dory!

X.

Out they issue, like bees in the spring,
Red, and green, and yellow of wing
(Though the yellow's not gold—the humbugging thing),
Hiving the honey, but leaving the sting
In the hands of those who trust 'em!
Made out of nothing, and good for *nix!*
Stealing our gold with their juggler-tricks;
When wanted, found—t'other side of the *sticks*
Of the *bank* whose custody cu'st 'em!

XI.

Curious "craft"—your modern Bank!—
Stanch and steady its parchment plank!
Paper-propeller and joint-stock crank!—
When launched on a sea of trouble,
Freighted with stocks—a super-cargo!
"Bulls" for bullion, and "bears" for em-bar-go
(Though gold is the stuff to make *gelding* or *mare* go)!
Private-ear-ing—like privateer Argo—
Sinking poor merchant-men—far as they dare go—
Till down goes their paper bubble.

XII.

And this makes the "money" we take for gold
(Paper, and picture, and promise—all told)!
This is the Demon to which we're "sold!"
As *double-dealing* as fiends of old,
Or Brokers in times of crisis;
Doubling the cost of all you get;
Doubling the hurry, and worry, and fret;
Doubling interest, doubling debt;
Doubling, in short, the prices!

XIII.

Doubling the breadth of crinoline;
Doubling the cost of walnuts and wine;
Doubling the price of a decent "dine;"
Doubling—no, *not* the marriages!
Doubling our importations, of course—
Though double the tariff were put in force;
Doubling the "crash"—with a double curse,
Doubling trades' miscarriages!

XIV.

Oh for a pen like a flaming sword!
Oh for a voice to proclaim the word
That paper's *not pay*, but payment deferred;
That only through *labor*, however abhorred,
Shall man circumvent the devil!
That bills are not gold, however "good;"
That credit persistent's *dis*credit pursued;
That "*Pay as you go*" *brings sweetest food*,
And leaves no after evil.

December, 1857.

THE THUGS OF INDIA.

The illustration on the opposite page represents a party of Indian Thugs in the enjoyment of their afternoon meal after the fatigues of the day. It may be relied upon as correct.

Very few readers need to be told that the Thugs were a race of banditti peculiar to India, who made a business of robbing and murdering, and who, by dint of practicing the art from generation to generation, had attained a very high degree of skill at the time their career was unhappily cut short by the Government of India.

The origin of "Thuggee" is, like many better things, hidden in the night of time. The legend saith that the first Thugs were Hindoos, and that no one could become a member of the holy fraternity unless he were a full-blooded adherent of Brahma. However this be, in modern times Mohammedans have been found among the Thugs as well as Hindoos; but all Thugs, whatever their faith, have professed belief in, and veneration for, a certain Hindoo goddess, who is believed to preside over the polite arts of murder and robbery. Piety is a drug, as we see, in India.

It was at the close of last century that the English conquerors of India first suspected the existence of Thuggee. They had heard, long before, of the prevalence of murder and robbery on the highways, but entertained no very high opinion of the Hindoo code of morality, and hearing of no victims of Thuggee save Hindoos, they troubled themselves as little as possible on the subject. As the eighteenth century was closing, however, some Englishmen were put out of the way in a mysterious manner, and the Government began to look into the subject. An English officer of rank and family had undertaken a journey toward the head-waters of the Ganges. On the way he had fallen in with a very agreeable and polished Hindoo: he had agreed to travel in company with his new acquaintance; the pair, with their servants, had departed early one morning from a small town, and neither had ever been heard of since. Another Englishman had met on the road from Allahabad with a Hindoo lady in an agony of grief—her husband had died, her son had been stolen from her, her purse had been lost—she did not know how she was to regain her father's home near Delhi. As she was young and beautiful the gallant Englishman offered to be her escort on the way. The last that was seen of him was his appearance some twenty miles from Allahabad riding on his horse, with his fair *protégée en croupe* behind him.

These and similar incidents attracted attention to the interior police of India, and, for the first time, the idea that there was an organized band of murderers and robbers in the country dawned upon the Government. Inquiry was set on foot, and the leading features of Thuggee were brought to light. Early in the present century the existence of the fraternity and its cardinal principles were known to the Indian Government. Yet, notwithstanding their thorough knowledge of the system—the fact illustrates the nature of the Government of India—over a quarter of a century elapsed before steps were taken to put down Thuggee.

It was in the early part of the century that a young Englishman departed from Calcutta for a journey into the northern regions of Hindostan (the story is to be found in the British Parliamentary Blue Books). He was a man of fortune—sprung from a high family in England—was traveling solely in order to enlarge his mind. He left Calcutta with the best letters from the Government, and had, as is usual in India, a large retinue of servants and cattle. He had not been two days gone when he fell in with a beautiful Hindoo girl, traveling alone in the same direction as himself. On inquiry he found that she was much terrified at the idea of performing the journey alone, and would be eternally grateful if the Englishman would allow her to follow in the wake of his party. She was so gentle, so pretty, and so defenseless, that the stranger offered her one of his horses and a place at his table. He was struck by her beauty; her large black eyes gazed at him with such tenderness and melancholy that young John Bull began to wish she were white or he bronzed. She rode beside him and taught him her native tongue. He could not separate from her. She soon became the virtual chief of the caravan.

Only Azim, the Englishman's body-servant, viewed the fair stranger with distrust. He warned his master against her, and more by signs—by passing his hand rapidly across his throat—than by words, intimated that no good was to come of their acquaintance. To all which the Englishman replied, scoffingly, that he was well able to take care of himself.

They had traveled together for three or four days, and the Englishman was positively enamored of the fair Hindoo. They were sitting under the shade of a banyan-tree, in the cool of the evening; Runa—the lady—was singing a plaintive song, and the Englishman, intoxicated with the magic of the scene and the delight of her society, was lounging idly by her side, with one of her small hands in his, when suddenly Azim shouted, or rather screamed. His master called:

"What's the matter?"

"Look there—down there!" cried Runa, pointing in the direction of the forest.

The Englishman turned to look, and strained his eyes to see. At that moment he felt round his throat a cord, which was drawn tighter and tighter, till he lost consciousness. His last recollection was of that same soft, small hand which he had so tenderly pressed, being thrust against the back of his neck with unwomanly strength, in order to draw the cord tighter. The operation was performed so skillfully—strangulation was so rapid—that before he could utter a cry or move a muscle he was powerless.

When he came to his senses he was lying—alone—at the bottom of a deep quarry or pitfall. The cold night air had brought him to his senses. He rose, and stood up; his limbs were whole. He had a painful sensation round the neck, which reminded him of the cord; and under one of his armpits he felt a sore place, which, on examination, proved to be a wound from a poniard. He drew a long breath without pain, however, and thus satisfied himself that the weapon had not penetrated a vital part. He felt other bruises and sprains, but they were trifling to one accustomed to athletic exercises. While he was occupied in ascertaining the extent of his injuries, he heard a voice above call him—

"Sahib! Sahib!"

"Halloa!" he cried, "is that you, Azim? Get me out of this hole!"

A shout of delight was the reply, and in a trice a rope was lowered, and the Englishman stood on the brink of the pitfall, which, it must be confessed, looked ugly enough when viewed from above.

Azim quickly told his story. The caravan had been attacked by a band of Thugs, to whom the fair Runa had served as decoy. When the Englishman was strangled, the Thugs fell upon the servants, some of whom were murdered where they stood, while others, and among these Azim, had prudently fled to a place of refuge. All the baggage had been carried off, and the Thugs had made a good thing of it. How they had allowed the Englishman to escape was wonderful; they invariably dig a pitfall and bury their victims, to avoid detection.

"They had better have buried me," said the Englishman, with a grim smile.

Azim showed his white teeth, and followed his master to Benares, where he had friends.

There the Englishman found two English sailors, whom he engaged by the month; likewise four mountaineers, stout, able-bodied fellows, whose courage was vouched for by Azim. All were well armed, and each provided with a serviceable pony; and thus, taking no baggage but their weapons, they started out in search of the Thugs. The sailors and mountaineers were notified at the end of their first day's journey that they were on an expedition which might cost them their lives, but that all the plunder of the Thug camp should be theirs if they were successful. They were abundantly satisfied with these terms.

It was agreed that the Englishman was to travel in advance, with one of the sailors as his body-servant, while the others were to follow at some little distance. They resolved to take the road to Delhi, as the one which travelers would be most likely to pursue.

After two days' journey, as good luck would have it, they saw by the roadside a female weeping and throwing her arms about in the greatest semblance of despair. The Englishman rode up, and almost leaped from his horse when he recognized the fair Runa. She, too, screamed and shuddered at the sight of him. She sprang up and tried to escape into the jungle, but the Englishman was too swift for her; she was caught and brought back. The Englishman taxed her with her perfidy; she was silent. He questioned her; not a word would she utter. He threatened her; she only smiled. While the colloquy was going on, Azim rode up. Perceiving the state of the case, he very quickly made a gibbet by passing a rope

over a stout branch from a tree by the roadside; and taking from his bag a piece of beef intended for the dinner of the Englishman, he made signs to Runa that he would hang her, with the beef round her neck. This was worse than death to the devout Hindoo girl: she offered to redeem her life by any sacrifice.

"Lead us to your camp," said Azim.

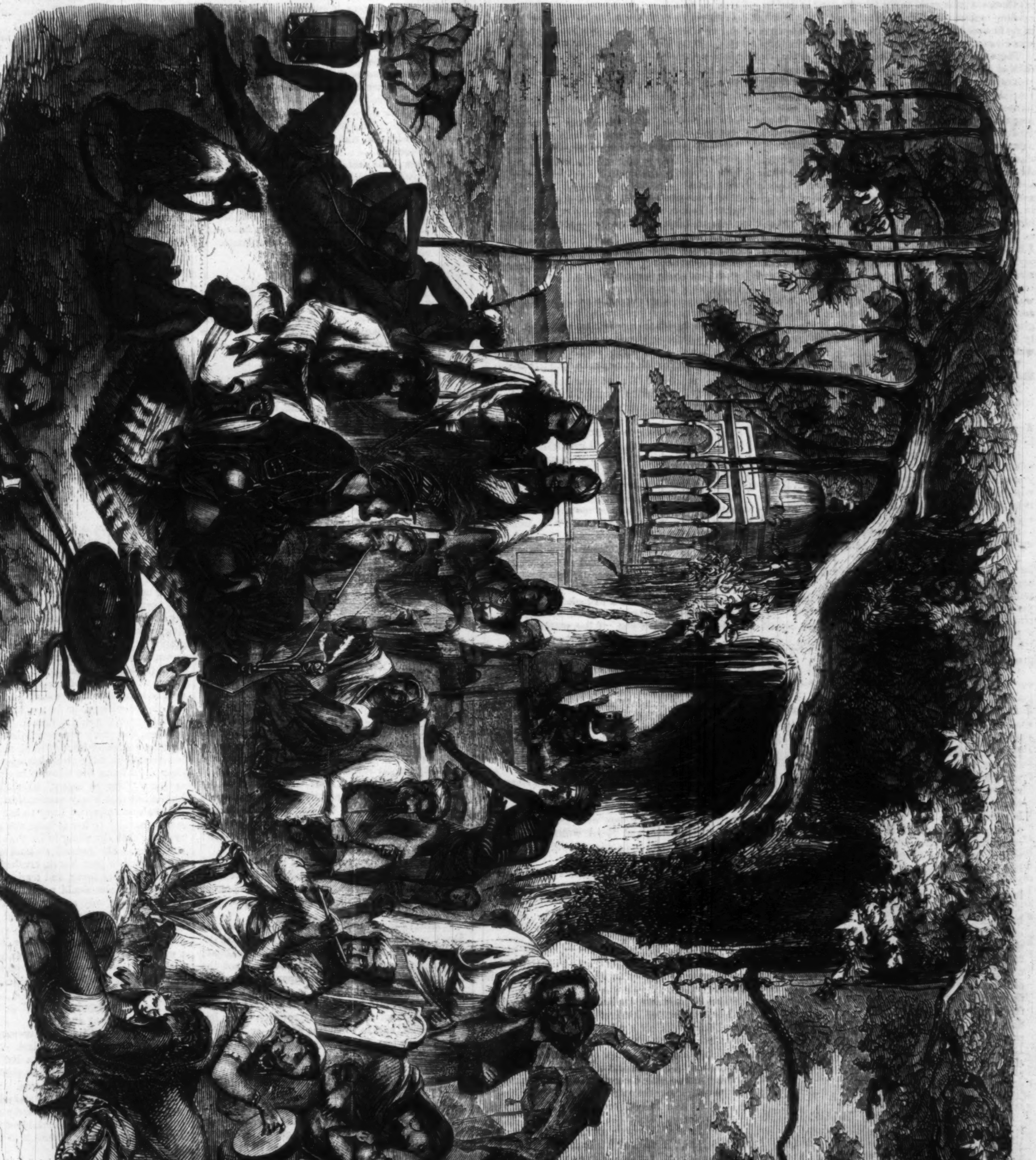
"Wait till nightfall," she muttered.

After a little hesitation, Azim, who had taken the command, as the most experienced of the party, consented to wait. But, meanwhile, he placed Runa with her back against a tree, and sat down opposite her, so that she could not make a sign or utter a whisper without his knowledge. Not for a second did he take his hawk eyes off her.

The Englishman and the party encamped around them, and dined comfortably. Azim would neither eat nor drink for fear his attention should be diverted from the traitress. As it grew dark, Azim became impatient, and demanded fiercely when Runa was going to redeem herself. She still tried to postpone the fatal act, till Azim drew forth the remnant of his beef. At the horrid sight the courage of the Hindoo girl gave way again, and she exclaimed that she was ready for any thing.

"Listen!" said Azim. "You know where your friends are, and how to summon them: when I make the signal, you shall call them, as if you had succeeded in entrapping a traveler." And he bade the men of the party lie flat in the tall grass, each with his gun ready for action. The arrangement was no sooner completed than he gave the signal, holding up to Runa's gaze the terrible beef as a warning.

She gave a shrill scream, and almost instantaneously a dozen savage-looking fellows came bounding through the brushwood, and dashed at Azim, who was the only man they saw. At the same instant the Englishman sprang up and shot the foremost as he rushed forward; the sailors and mountaineers followed the example; each discharged his piece with deadly effect, then charged with sabre and knife. The Thugs were more than



A PARTY OF THUGS, IN INDIA.

two to one; but nothing could withstand the fury of the Englishman's followers. In less than one minute there was not one of the murderers standing. One, a tall, ferocious fellow, was lying gasping at the foot of the tree where Runa sat. He was a chief, or strangler; at the first shot he had bounded to the side of the luckless girl, and with the cry "Traitress!" had plunged his knife into her side. The next moment Azim had cut him down with a fearful sabre-cut.

When morning came, the Englishman found sixteen dead bodies around him. He buried them on the spot; and the story, which he printed at the time, was of service to the Government in deciding how to deal with the Thugs.

It was Lord Bentinck who resolved, a quarter of a century since, to put down Thuggee in India. He employed Captain Sleeman as his agent, and that officer succeeded so well that he hanged several hundred Thugs in the course of a year or two.

His account of the system of Thuggee, which is contained in his official reports, is absolutely appalling. The sons of Thugs were trained to the business from their earliest youth. At first they were not allowed to be present at the death-scene of the victims. They were kept at a distance while the strangling went on, but were granted a share of the plunder to whet their appetite. Captain Sleman tells a story of a young boy who was taken out by his father—a Thug—on an expedition, and who crept away from the place where he had been left, and witnessed the slaughter of the victims; he went mad from horror and died that night. The general principle was to inveigle the victim into security; a male or female Thug was deputed for this purpose, and directed to lull him into perfect repose; then, at a chosen moment, to throw a cord or handkerchief round his neck, when the confederates rushed in and dispatched him. The Thugs disliked to shed blood. They strangled their victims, robbed them, and dug a grave. Before placing the body in the grave, however, they bled it under the armpits, and let the blood run into the hole; as, otherwise, in that climate, the corpse might have swelled, and caused fissures in the earth, which would have attracted dogs and jackals to the spot.

The office of strangler was the highest dignity among the Thugs. A man sometimes served years before attaining this distinction; but women occasionally obtained it. A traveler was lately presented to a lady who, with her husband, was kept at Monghir, as a decoy Thug, a reformed murderess, in Government pay. He asked her what she thought of the crime of murder.

"Heaven will hold us all, Sahib," was the cool reply.

Her husband interposed, and proudly remarked that she had taken eighteen lives.

"Not eighteen," said she, hastily; "twenty-one!" And she counted them on her fingers.

Upon which the husband turned to the visitor, knowingly, and said:

"She is a very clever woman, Sahib; very clever!"

LYNDON HALL.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER THE FIRST.

NORAH LYNDON sat under the great beech-tree at the end of the long walk with her cousin Gregory. Norah was fair, pale, timid, and depressed; Gregory fiery as an Arab and almost as swarthy: Norah was gentle and cold, loving no one and harming nothing, while Gregory's very caresses were less tender than the reproaches of other men, and his love more fierce than ordinary hate. Yet though so singularly unsuited to each other, these two creatures were betrothed; because Norah's father wished to unite the estates, and because Gregory had a savage kind of love for his beautiful little cousin—that love which thinks only of itself, and looks only to its own fulfillment. As for Norah, she had simply been required to say "I will," after her father's stern "You shall." No one dreamed of any spontaneous wish on her part as either desirable or necessary; and it never occurred even to herself that she might by chance do more than obey—that she might claim the common birthright of humanity, and desire and will for herself. Her father had not ground her down through all the facile years of her early youth to leave her such dangerous thoughts as these. He had not suppressed every spark of self-assertion to no purpose. He had made her what he willed her to be—a passive machine that did as it was bidden—walking by rule and living by law, but devoid of all the impulse, passion, strength, and will which spring from an independent inner life.

This suited Colonel Lyndon. To his ideas Norah was a model daughter, and he almost loved her for the feebleness he had created in her. But Colonel Lyndon was not prone to love any thing: and this, his nearest approach, was but a poor imitation at the best. Gregory, too, was a man who demanded implicit obedience from a woman. With his Oriental temperament he had imbibed Oriental ideas, and could never reconcile himself to the independence of Western women. But he was of a widely different nature to the Colonel, even while seemingly at one with him in the proper treatment and condition of women. He wanted love together with obedience: his slave must feel as well as act according to his desires; and souls must yield as well as breathe if he would be satisfied. The Colonel looked only for practical obedience; Gregory, younger, more impassioned, and in love, desired emotional sympathy as well. Thus, while Norah's submissiveness charmed him, her coldness and want of demonstration often nearly maddened him; and few men, perhaps, ever underwent greater torture than Gregory had done since his engagement with his cousin.

He often questioned her fiercely about her love for him; and to-day the conversation beneath the beech-tree led again over the old ground.

"Of course, I love you," said Norah, in her strange, timid way, not looking up, and speaking without emphasis or intonation.

"Why don't you look as if you did, then?" cried Gregory, impatiently.

"I can not help my looks, cousin: they are always against me. I look pale, but I am not ill, and I believe I always look cross and unhappy, but I am not either."

"No, no, not cross, Norah, but unhappy. What makes you unhappy?" He spoke quickly, bending his great black eyes eagerly on her.

"I am not unhappy," said Norah, quietly.

"You are, Norah! you know you are! Every look, every movement, the tones of your voice, your gestures—every thing tells me that you are wretched, dejected, broken-hearted. I see it. I see it. Oh Heaven! that face! and on the eve of our marriage!" There was a certain deep vibration in the tones of his voice which was always the prelude to a fit of frenzy.

Norah, constitutionally afraid of passion, began to tremble.

"There! there! see! I can not speak to you in the tenderest way—I can not even show you any love or care, without making you tremble and shrink from me. You can not call this love. Norah! Why my very dog returns my caress, and my horse knows my hand. These dumb creatures love me, while you—you—you fear me, you shiver with dread and disgust before me, you abhor me, Norah!—you wish I was dead and swept from your path forever! I see it—I know it—I feel it!"

He started up from the garden seat, and began pacing the walk, and folding his arms over his breast; but more as if he were a modern Laocoon crushing a boa-constrictor, than an ordinary English gentleman assuming an ordinary English attitude.

"Please, cousin, sit down," said Norah, timidly.

"Oh, this is torture!" he exclaimed, in a voice of genuine anguish; then flinging himself on his knees before her, he seized her hands, and burst into such a wild strain of despair and anguish that Norah felt almost faint to hear him. Moreover, he had grasped her so harshly, that, had she not been too timid even for cowardice, she would have screamed aloud. His nervous muscular hands closing like a vice over those tiny delicate fingers of hers, nearly crushed them. Little frail Norah was no fit plaything for a swarthy savage six feet high, and as powerful as he was passionate. But now his despair was so intense, and Norah felt in her own soul that, though exaggerated, it was not entirely groundless. She was too timid to make an end of it herself. She could only wait, trembling and terrified, until Gregory's passion had burned itself out, and he had become calm by force of exhaustion. So she sat still and silent; white and rigid, like a little marble statue.

At last the storm cleared off, and Gregory tried to soothe her. She bore her cousin's soothings passively, as she bore every thing; but her sole thought during the infliction was, "When will this be over? Oh! when will he go away?"

At last, passing through the shrubbery, Norah saw a tall, great, spare military figure coming toward them—a figure she never remembered seeing with pleasure or gratitude before.

"My father, cousin!" she said, quietly, but with a little sigh of relief.

Gregory had just time to start to his feet before Colonel Lyndon turned into the Long Walk; for Gregory, half a savage, was almost as much in awe of his uncle as Norah herself.

With a stern, undeviating step, and a stern, unchanging face, the Colonel came up to them, and silently sat down on the other side of Norah. No one spoke. Gregory was occupied in regaining his self-possession, and Norah waited, as she had been taught, until her father should first address her.

"A beautiful day," said Colonel Lyndon, after a time: speaking curtly and imperatively, as if he were on parade giving orders, and as if the weather were on the verge of his displeasure. That was his way with every thing.

"Very," said Norah.

"Too close," muttered Gregory, wiping his upper lip—that tell-tale upper lip—with the Nubian blood seen so plainly in its thickened lines and glowing red!

Then there was a dead silence again: the Colonel had exhausted his first series of subjects; for the Colonel was not a talkative man; and Norah was always too thankful to take refuge in the peace of silence to break it of her own free-will; even if she had not been taught that such infraction was the highest possible disrespect to paternal majesty. At last the Colonel spoke again.

"When does Miss Thorold come, Norah?"

"To-morrow, Sir," said Norah.

"I hear she has grown a handsome and a pleasant person," remarked Colonel Lyndon, condescendingly. "As a child she was too forward and not sufficiently feminine, but I hear she has improved. What say you, Norah? it is not long since you left school? You can remember her distinctly, I presume. She is not disagreeable, I believe?"

"Not at all, Sir," said Norah.

"And handsome?"

"Very handsome."

"Accomplished, too, and lady-like?"

"Both, Sir."

"Handsome, agreeable, accomplished—yet you are not afraid of her? You are not jealous?" said Gregory, with a forced laugh.

"No, cousin, not in the least."

"Ah!" he cried, with a bitter sneer on his face. "Only those who love are jealous!"

"You speak bitterly, Gregory," said Colonel Lyndon, sharply, turning on his nephew those cruel, cold gray eyes.

"I feel strongly, uncle."

"By what right, Sir?"

"The right of suffering," said Gregory, moodily.

"Strange words!" cried the Colonel. "Are you not my daughter's affianced husband? What 'suffering' is there in your position, pray?"

"Oh! to be accepted is not enough! I would be loved!"

"Miss Lyndon knows her duty too well not to do as she is bidden: Gregory, I have told her she must love you, and she does love you; for she has never yet presumed to disobey me. Tell me, Norah—you love your cousin, do you not?"

"Yes," said Norah, looking down.

"Don't be a fool, Gregory!" said the Colonel, with a small laugh; "else you may lose what I have made and gained. I give up to you a model of submission and obedience; be thankful for this result of a life of discipline and training, and do not blame the instrument if you are a bad musician. I never found it fail under my touch; be wise, and it will not fail under yours!"

He rose as he said this, cast a sharp glance at the downcast eyes of his daughter, and walked away, with the same measured tread and military precision as when he came. Norah looked after him almost regretfully. Her two tyrants neutralized each other when they were together; and, indeed, any thing was preferable to a *tête-à-tête* with Gregory, when he was in one of his jealous and excited moods.

"Cousin," she said, quite quietly, "I wish that you, or my father, would kill me at once. It would be better for me than to live as I do now."

Gregory heard no more, but bounded away, and Norah saw him no more for that day. But her father scolded her for three quarters of an hour, and told her she was ungrateful and insubordinate.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

"WHY, Norah! you do not look much like a bride!" cried Lucy Thorold, when, after the necessary public greetings were over, she and her friend were closeted, like school-girls talking mysteries again. "How is this? Is not your cousin kind to you?"

"Yes," said Norah; "I believe so."

"What a strange speech!" laughed Lucy, handsome, positive, dauntless Lucy—handsome, bold, worldly Lucy—who thought Norah the luckiest of women to be engaged to a handsome cousin with five thousand a year. As for the savage blood in him, five thousand a year would purify that.

"But you are so pale, Norah!" said Lucy, glancing in the glass at her own velvety, rose-red cheeks, round which her dark hair, turned back in a gorgeous roll, was set like a shining frame: while Norah's small, pallid face, crowded up with a profusion of colorless hair, looked like that of a little ghost.

"I am always pale," said Norah; "but never mind me now. Tell me of yourself, Lucy. Think how long it is since I have seen you!—two long years! Tell me all that has happened to you since we left Madame Cosson's. Are you going to be married?—are you engaged yet?"

"I? No, Norah! I have not had five thousand a year laid at my feet, as you have at yours."

"I should care more about the man than the money," said Norah, gently, "though, indeed," she added, below her breath, "they are all alike!" And she sighed.

"Is that your experience, Norah?" laughed Lucy. "Mine is just the reverse. They talk of the dissimilarity of women, and of our chameleon-like characters, but we are the very representatives of monotony compared to men. Why do you say that they are all alike?"

"They are all such tyrants," said Norah.

Lucy looked at her intently; then going up to her she smoothed back her fair hair gently, saying,

"Is that your experience, my poor Norah? Ah! I understand it all now!"

Norah's lip quivered, and her eyes filled; but her hard life had taught the little creature self-command, and, after a moment, the spasm passed, and left her face as still and calm as ever.

"And yours, Lucy?"

"Mine!—dear little girl, what a question! Don't you know me well enough to know that the man does not live on this earth who could or should play the tyrant over me? No, Norah! not the strongest will or the fiercest temper could conquer me. Let them try! There is not a man in England that I could not make my slave if I chose."

And she laughed—half in deprecation of her imperial boast, half in conscious power—such power as women when they are young, beautiful, and self-willed, alone feel.

"Not your father, Lucy?"

"My father? Bless his dear, gentle heart! he would not hurt a fly, much less offend his daughter, of whom he is so extravagantly proud and fond. Dear, good-tempered papa! he never said 'No' to my 'Yes' in his life, nor to mamma's either. No; mamma is more inclined to be tyrannical than papa, but she is not difficult. I can soon kiss her into a good-humor; and then I gossip with her, and, dear soul! she likes that. So I get round her, too; if, with a little more management, yet quite as effectually as round papa; and they never dream of thwarting me—never!"

"And your brothers? Am I troublesome? But it is so long since I have seen you that I understand nothing of your family or your position now."

Norah spoke so timidly, as one accustomed to refusals.

"Ask what you like, dear," said Lucy, in her fine, patronizing way. "I shall be very happy to tell you any thing. Well! my brothers—they are the best creatures in the world! I have two—as you may remember. Launce is the eldest: he is like papa—a dear, soft, large, good-tempered thing, more like a big old dog than any thing else. I call him Doggie when he is particularly good. Edmund is the youngest of us all; he is a year younger than I—by-the-by, just your own age, Nory—and one of the gentlest beings breathing. He is a spiritual, etherial morsel, into whom nature forgot to put both bones and evil—a perfect angel, dear boy, and such a sweet poet! But he would have been better as a girl than as a man. He is too fair; and, really, without nonsense, he has not enough wickedness in him for a true man. As he is, he holds very much the office of the bards of old with us all. We ask his views on all intellectual matters, never his advice on worldly affairs; and, if he were not incorruptible, he would have been spoiled years ago, with all the love and petting he has had. But, to go back to myself. You may see by this sketch of home, Norah, that I have no very formidable opponents to encounter. Launce is too soft-hearted; Edmund too good—besides being too abstracted—to oppose me; so that, in fact, Nory, I rule the house—and that is just the truth."

"What a happy life!" said Norah, sadly.

"Now tell me yours, Nory."

"Oh! no, no! never mind mine! It is too tame after yours," said Norah, hurriedly. "I have nothing to tell but what you know."

"Why, child! I know nothing. Come! your history or your life, rebel!"

At that moment a bell rang imperiously, as every thing was done at Lyndon Hall.

"The first dinner-bell, Lucy," said Norah, looking frightened. "I must go, dear. Do not be a minute too late; papa is very particular, and punctual to a moment. Mind you are in time, for I want you to be a favorite here," she added, with a sad smile.

"Very well, I will be punctual," said Lucy, hurrying about her room and ringing for her maid. Then, when Norah had fairly closed the door, she laughed aloud, and said,

"For to-day only, just to feel my ground."

True to her promise, down she came, five minutes before the time, all radiant in peach-blossom and silver. Little Norah glided in almost immediately after, in a floating light-blue robe; the one self-possessed and queenly, the other timid and retiring; the one with her broad black brows and open eyes, her rich complexion and her ruddy, laughing mouth; the other with shy, melancholy orbs always hidden by their drooping lids, with small and delicate lips that smiled more sadly than Lucy's wept.

The Colonel and Gregory were waiting to receive them. The Colonel stood near the fire-place, severely watchful of the hour; Gregory lounged against the chimney-piece, eagerly looking for Norah. The Colonel, with his iron-gray hair and keen gray eyes, his hawk nose, thin face, and military bearing, looked the impersonation of severity turned gentleman; while Gregory, swarthy and excited, his large black eyes taking every shade of feeling as mirrors throw back forms, his thick red lips and small white teeth beneath, looked like what he was—the half-caste, with the savage element predominant. Between them both, no wonder was it that frail, fair Norah's life was slowly dying out of her; it was a greater wonder how it had been preserved so long. As Lucy said—writing home to her mother that night, and exaggerating in consideration of her mother's weakness for gossip—"she looked like a little white lamb between a lion and a jaguar—the jaguar was the Colonel" (added in a foot-note). "But," continued Lucy, with a burst of heroism by no means common to her, "I will save her! I feel that I have had this mission given to me, and that I am sent to effect poor Norah's release."

When the party separated that night, Colonel Lyndon reviewed himself anxiously in his dressing-glass—specially about his eyes and round his mouth. After a few minutes he drew himself up, saying: "Not so many, after all! Ah! who knows but that I may even outlast Gregory."

Norah accompanied Lucy to her room. It was such a novelty to her to have one of her own sex near her that she clung to Lucy as if she had been her sister. She seemed so kind and gentle and soft-hearted to poor Norah, crushed by her father, scorched by her lover, and terrified by both, that, if she could, she would never have left her side. Yet Lucy was only a year older than her young hostess, for all she patronized and played mother over her to such perfection.

Lucy spoke of Gregory. Her lids fluttered for a moment over her dark-blue eyes, as she said, with girlish frankness—

"Oh, Norah! what a magnificent person your cousin is!"

"Yes, he is very handsome," said Norah; "or, at least, people say so."

"But don't you think him so yourself, Nory?"

"I do not admire that dark style," answered Norah. "His mother was a Nubian, I believe, and the mark of his race is too visible."

"Well, I like it," cried Lucy. "It gives a life and animation which our red and white Saxon men want. His features are regularly and beautifully cut, and I think that the dark blood improves them. It would have been different if he had been like a negro in feature."

"I am glad you like him," said Norah, simply. "And he thinks you beautiful—too beautiful to go about the world alone. He said so."

"Did he!" laughed Lucy, looking more pleased than proud. "Rather an impertinent speech to a bride-elect, was it not, Nory? What did you say to him in return? Did not you scold him?"

"No; I said to him just what I said to you—that I was glad he admired you."

"How charmed he must have been with your good sense!" said Lucy.

"No, he was not," answered Norah, not as if making a complaint, but speaking quite tranquilly, as if it was a normal condition of things, and she was used to it. "On the contrary, he was angry and excited. He wanted me to be jealous; but I am not of a jealous nature; and if he thought every woman in the world handsomer than I, it would not disturb me. Indeed, I would be very glad if it quieted him, and took him a little more out of himself, and away from me. Well! I must not keep you up after your journey. Good-night, dear. Oh, how glad I am that you are here!"

She bent her forehead to her friend's lips, and then went up to her own bedroom, where, the sad formula of the night, she cried herself to sleep like a child.

"Poor Norah!" said Lucy. "She does not love that man as much as I love my parrot! What a tragedy is preparing for them all! But what a superb fellow he is!"

Gregory, riding home, could not help giving a thought to Lucy. He was living over the evening again, and the new guest came in for her rightful share of the canvas.

"She is excessively handsome," he thought, "but I do not like her. Something about her repels me. Her eyes are too free, and her manners too confident; but she can love—if, indeed, any man could be found to care for a love which would give itself without being sought. Oh! Norah's iciest coldness is more enchanting to me than this over-freedom of giving, this prodigal generosity of love in this bold-eyed beauty. But Norah! Norah! can I ever make you love me as I would be loved!"

He took off his hat, so that the night wind might blow cool upon his feverish forehead, and, setting spurs to his horse, galloped many a long mile, seeking, by violent exercise, to counteract the tumult within him.

Norah, pale and weeping in her sleep, murmured, "Why may I not die? Oh! why can not I die now?"

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

A CORK SAYING.—You may take your health to the whisky-shop once too often—until it gets broken.

ADVICE.—To a fool advice is like an almanac—it goes in at one ear and flies out at the other.

EXTRAVAGANCE.—Cleopatra was the first to fling away jewels in the piggish manner condemned by the proverb. She was in the habit of throwing pearls to Antony's (s)wine.

A REMARKABLY QUICK PASSAGE.—Put a lawyer on your horse, and he'll soon drive you to the devil.

IRISH PROVERBS.

Every goose thinks his wife a duck.

No news in a newspaper isn't good news.

Manners make the gentleman, and the want of them drives him elsewhere for his shooting.

A miss is as good as a mile of old women.

Too many cooks spoil the broth of a boy.

It is a good head of hair that has no turning.

It's foolish to spoil one's dinner for a ha'porth of tarts.

There are as fine bulls in Ireland as ever came out of it.

Necessity has no law, but an uncommon number of lawyers.

Better to look like a great fool than to be the great fool you look.

A soft answer may turn away wrath; but, in a Chancery suit, a soft answer is only likely to turn the scales against you.

One fortune is remarkably good until you have had another told you.

Don't holloa until you have got your head safe out of the wood, particularly at Donnybrook Fair.

A NOTION OF TALKERS.—It seems that the French language has 5000 more words than the English. Upon this fact being mentioned to a lady, she said: "Well, I'm sure they must want them all, for the French talk ever so much more than we do."

A bankrupt was condoled with the other day for his embarrassment. "Oh, I'm not embarrassed at all," said he; "it's my creditors that are embarrassed."

"Somehow or other," said Frederick the Great, "Providence seems to do the most for the best disciplined troops." "I have always noticed," said Napoleon, "that Providence favors the heaviest battalions."

The Irish shopkeeper, who was lately cheated by an old woman stealing a jar of whisky, and leaving a jar of water in its place, described her as speaking a strange dialect, neither Irish nor English. A punster said, he had reason to complain of the jargon.

GROCER. "Well, Augustus, you have been apprenticed now three months, and have seen the several departments of our trade—I wish to give you a choice of occupation."

APPRENTICE. "Thank'ee, Sir."

GROCER. "Well now, what part of the business do you like best."

AUGUSTUS (*with a sharpness beyond his years*). "Shuttin' up, Sir!"

A lawyer and a doctor were discussing the antiquity of their respective professions, and each cited authority to prove his the most ancient. "Mine," said the disciple of Lycurgus, "commenced almost with the world's era. Cain slew his brother Abel, and that was a criminal case in law." "True," rejoined Esculapius, "but my profession is coeval with the creation itself. Old Mother Eve was made out of a surgical operation."

A silly but pretty woman complained to the celebrated and beautiful Sophia Arnold of the number of her admirers, and wished to know how to get rid of them. "Oh, my dear," was the sarcastic reply, "it is very easy for you to do it: you have only to speak."

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, Dec.* 7, 1857.

The Foreign Trade of the port during the past week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Dec. 5, 1857	$1,724,282....	$1,257,618
Corresponding week, 1856	3,651,750....	1,862,207
Decrease............	$1,927,467	$604,589

The contraction in business still continues, and, notwithstanding a resumption of the specie shipments to Europe, the Banks can not find employment for their funds. We have no change to report in prices or rates of interest. Stocks are lower and dull.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, December* 7, 1857.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets continued quite heavy for Breadstuffs, which were freely offered at much reduced prices, yet were in very moderate request up to the close of the week, when the recurrence of cold weather and an improvement in the demand enabled factors to recover a portion of the previous decline. The announcement that the State Canals would be officially closed on the 10th instant, also served the interests of sellers....Cotton was less sought after, and it decreased in value....Provisions were lightly dealt in, and the leading articles deteriorated. Bacon was most actively inquired for, in part for shipment to California....Groceries appeared pretty brisk; Sugars advanced about ⅛ c. per pound, while other articles ruled firm....The Dry Goods trade exhibited no improvement save a slight increase in the demand for Staple Goods. The bulk of the sales were effected by retail at irregular prices....No remarkable movements occurred in other commodities....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for such articles as have varied in value materially during the week:

Ordinary to extra State Flour, per bbl.	$4 60	@	$5 00
Superfine to fancy Western do. "	4 60	@	5 00
Extra Western Flour, per barrel......	4 80	@	8 00
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel...	5 15	@	7 75
Extra Canadian, per barrel..........	4 65	@	6 35
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel..	5 10	@	7 50
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl..	3 30	@	4 25
Corn Meal, per barrel..............	3 40	@	3 60
White Wheat, per bushel...........	1 15	@	1 50
Red Wheat, per bushel.............	91	@	1 28
Mixed Western Corn, per bushel.....	84	@	—
Rye, per bushel..................	76	@	—
Barley, per bushel................	70	@	85
Western Oats, per bushel..........	46	@	48
State Oats, per bushel.............	43	@	46
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel....	38	@	42
Southern Oats, per bushel..........	33	@	39
White Beans, per bushel...........	1 56	@	1 62
Cotton, middlings, per pound........	11	@	11½
Mess Pork, per barrel..............	16 50	@	17 00
Prime Pork, per barrel.............	15 50	@	16 00
Country Mess Beef, per barrel.......	9 00	@	10 00
Country Prime Beef, per barrel......	5 75	@	6 75
Prime Mess Beef, per tierce.........	20 00	@	24 00
Beef Hams, per barrel..............	14 00	@	16 75
Bacon, per pound..................	11	@	11½
Lard, per pound...................	10	@	10¾
State Butter, per pound............	14	@	24
Western Butter, per pound..........	12	@	16
Cheese, per pound.................	6	@	8
Rice, per 100 pounds..............	2 50	@	3 50
Rio Coffee, per pound..............	8½	@	11
Cuba Sugar, per pound.............	5	@	7½
Cuba Molasses, per gallon..........	17	@	25
Hyson Teas, per pound............	25	@	55
Oolong Teas, per pound............	30	@	50
Domestic Whisky, per gallon........	22½	@	23
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound.......	7	@	18
Seed Leaf Tobacco, per pound.......	10	@	35
Tallow, per pound.................	9½	@	10

Stock of several Articles on hand, in New York, about December 1.

	1856.	1857.
Ashes, barrels..................	797	1,329
Coffee, packages................	82,400	117,968
Cotton, bales..................	56,425	2,404
Dyewood, tons..................	2,783	5,048
Hemp, tons....................	100	473
Hemp, bales...................	10,114	12,382
Hides, number..................	11,664	373,105
Leather, Sole, sides.............	52,000	453,600
Molasses, hogsheads.............	2,516	8,370
Molasses, barrels................	60	5,691
Pork, barrels...................	8,390	4,550
Beef, tierces and barrels..........	10,228	27,095
Rice, tierces...................	2,341	2,259
Rice, bags.....................	2,700	3,455
Sugars, hogsheads...............	14,959	26,522
Sugars, bags...................	9,000	7,500
Sugars, boxes..................	10,853	15,348
Tobacco, crude, hogsheads........	6,310	5,174
Tobacco, crude, bales............	3,753	9,945

Freights continued dull and heavy. For Liverpool—Cotton, ⅛d. @ 5-32d. per pound; Flour, 1s. 6d. @ 1s. 9d. per barrel; Grain, 4½d. @ 5½d. per bushel; Rosin, 2s. @ 2s. 3d. per barrel; Beef, 4s. per tierce; and Heavy Goods, 20s. @ 25s. per ton. For other ports proportionate quotations. The number of vessels of all classes in the port of New York on Saturday was 682.

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were dull and heavy for Beeves, which were more freely offered than needed by buyers, so that probably 300 head were left unsold in the various yards....Good fresh Milch Cows, usually with their Calves at their sides, attracted more attention at gradually advancing prices....Veal Calves were scarce and lightly dealt in....Sheep and Lambs were plenty and declining, the demand having been restricted....Swine were in slack request at languid rates....The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compare thus:

	Week ending *Nov.* 25.	Week ending *Dec.* 2.
Beeves....................	2,890	3,195
Milch Cows................	123	154
Veal Calves................	278	369
Sheep and Lambs...........	12,592	6,755
Swine.....................	1,982	3,051

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

New York State....	1515	New Jersey.........	70
Kentucky..........	383	Connecticut.........	46
Ohio..............	136	Michigan...........	35
Illinois...........	111	Iowa...............	18
Indiana...........	70		

The range of prices, according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to premium Beeves, per pound..	$0 7	@	$0 10½
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head.	25 00	@	65 00
Veal Calves, per pound.............	5	@	7
Sheep and Lambs, per head..........	2 00	@	5 00
" " per pound.........	5	@	9
Live Swine, per pound.............	5	@	5½
Dressed " "	6	@	7

The Country Produce Markets, though not very active generally show more firmness, especially for Vegetables, the supplies of which are less extensive....Poultry form the main exception, being plenty and dull, though obtainable at very low prices.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, per barrel..................	$2 00	@	$4 00
Apples, dried, per pound.............	7½	@	9
Quinces, common to prime, per barrel.	2 50	@	4 50
Hickory Nuts, per bushel............	2 00	@	—
Chestnuts, per bushel...............	3 00	@	3 50
Peanuts, per bushel................	70	@	1 25
Cranberries, per barrel..............	5 00	@	8 00
Potatoes, per barrel................	85	@	3 25
" sweet, per barrel..........	2 25	@	4 25
Onions, per barrel..................	1 25	@	1 75
Turnips, per barrel.................	60	@	75
Squashes, per barrel................	1 75	@	2 00
Pumpkins, per 100..................	6 00	@	10 00
Beets, per barrel...................	1 12	@	1 25
Cabbages, per 100..................	2 50	@	4 25
Cauliflowers, per dozen.............	75	@	2 00
Parsnips, per barrel................	1 25	@	1 50
Carrots, per barrel.................	1 00	@	1 15
Leeks, per 100.....................	4 00	@	5 00
Celery, per dozen..................	75	@	1 00
Garlic, per 100....................	6 00	@	—
Eggs, Limed, per dozen.............	16½	@	17
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen.............	19	@	19½
Chickens, per pair..................	38	@	1 00
" per pound..............	10	@	12
Fowls, per pair....................	62	@	87
Fowls, per pound..................	10	@	14
Guinea Fowl, per pair..............	56	@	62
Ducks, per pound..................	10	@	14
" per pair..................	50	@	1 25
" Canvas Back, per pair.......	1 75	@	2 50
" Red Heads, per pair.........	88	@	1 12
" Brant, per pair.............	75	@	1 00
" Broad Bill, per pair.........	38	@	50
" Teal, per pair..............	38	@	50
" Dippers, per pair...........	25	@	31
Turkeys, per pound................	10	@	14
Turkeys, each.....................	75	@	1 25
Geese, each.......................	75	@	1 50
Pigeons, per dozen.................	75	@	1 75
Woodcock, per dozen...............	3 00	@	4 00
Grouse, per pair...................	1 25	@	1 50
Quail, each.......................	12	@	15
Partridge, per pair.................	60	@	75
Roasting Pigs.....................	1 25	@	2 00
Rabbits, each.....................	10	@	15
Hares, each.......................	10	@	15
Squirrels, each....................	3	@	4
Venison, per pound................	10	@	14
Beef, per pound...................	6½	@	10½
Mutton, per pound.................	6	@	9
Lamb, per pound..................	7	@	10
Veal, per pound...................	5	@	7
Pork, per pound...................	6	@	8

ADVERTISEMENTS.

[*From the Protestant Churchman.*]

THE SEWING MACHINE.

In a New England village both thrifty and neat,
Of a learned divine is the quiet retreat.
The lilies are nodding each pretty bright plume,
And filling the air with their richest perfume;
Close down by the meadow, is rippling along
A river, that glides graceful willows among;
And the green wooded hills that shut in the view,
Here rise up abruptly, there fade into blue.
So fair was the spot where Dame Nature had taught her,
That lovely and pure grew the clergyman's daughter;
And there by the window that looks on the green,
Sits sweet pretty Jane at her Sewing Machine.
One touch of her foot, and one turn of her hand—
From fairies you'd think she had borrowed a wand.

'Just look! Babies' dresses are done in a trice,
And the hems and the tucks look so charmingly nice;
Those twenty-four towels, dear mother's demand,
Are folded, completed, and lie on the stand;
Twelve collars for Alfred, those kerchiefs for Joe,
Were finished last night, and placed all in a row;
Two dresses for Katie, my darling—and then
I will fly to the shirts that are wanted for Ben.
Now give me a book; I am free as a queen—
For do I not own this dear Sewing Machine?
A few months ago, of my life I was weary,
The future was all so laborious and dreary;
They told me, I know, I was pretty—but then
'Tis no easy lot to be eldest of ten.
Let me do what I would—let me get up at dawn,
Let me work at my needle, at night, noon, and morn—
Those brothers, no matter how early I rose,
Would wear out, and tear out, and outgrow their clothes:
And that mountain of garments grew more and more high
Until stitch upon stitch brought sigh upon sigh.
There's Mary, our fair one, so tall and so slender,
I really believe I did nothing but mend her;
When baby was born—I'm forced to confess it—
The last thing I dreamed of on earth was to bless it:
I thought of her dresses—wee ruffles and all—
She ruffled me sorely, that baby so small,
With blushes I own it, those brothers and sisters,
To me were no more than just so many blisters,
When Willie, our eldest, from college returned,
My work for a moment I hastily spurned,
Then rushed to embrace him; how my feelings were torn!
For I saw at a glance that his bosoms were gone,
With caresses I tried to hide all my fears,
Put my head on his shoulder, and burst into tears.
He tenderly twisted each wandering tress;
How well I was looking! how charming my dress!
Then laughingly asked, that good brother of mine,
For the rest of the dear ones, the gay romping nine.
He whispered so kindly, 'A prize I have won;
'Nay, praise me not, Jenny, 'twas easily done;
'My rivals were lazy, or else from the start,
'They had not, poor fellows, such motives at heart;
'And now with my earnings I've bought you a sprite—
'Your slave all the morning, your vassal at night,
'To-morrow, my sister, from sewing be free,
'And begin, dearest Jenny, some reading with me.'
I poured out my thanks, while my heart beat with joy—
'Twas such a kind act of the dear, gen'rous boy.
I'm the happiest maiden that ever was seen,
With this dear little, sweet little Sewing Machine.

Ye Oberlin students, ye Doctors of Laws,
Who dream that society's nothing but flaws;
Ye lady divines, and ye female M. D.'s
Who preach to us sermons, and boast your degrees,
Who vow that this earth never safely can roll
Till you shall wear trousers, and go to the poll;
When you for your rights were raving and fighting,
Who think ye the while, injured woman was righting?
'Twas our best benefactor, one Wm. O. Grover,
His name be remembered the wide world all over,
As being sole author, inventor, and maker,
Of that prince of inventions, the "Grover & Baker."

ECARG.

THE EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS by MODERN ARTISTS of the FRENCH SCHOOL, At the Old Art Union Rooms, No. 497 Broadway, WILL REMAIN OPEN UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE, from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m., and from 7 to 10 Evening. The Gallery is well lighted and warmed. B. FRODSHAM, Secy.

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And the Sword, which is valued at about $200, we will present to that Military Company of the First or Second Divisions of the New York State Militia, which will purchase the largest number of BOOKS between this date and Friday evening, 19th of next February.

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